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"You're so scientific, you couldn't understand anyone loving a glacier," Janet said indignantly.

He was wise in the ways of snow and ice but could not read a girl's heart

Mrs. Tibbett's Glacier

By COREY FORD



THERE are certain natural phenomena with which a young man is pleased to be compared. He will welcome being described as a whirlwind. He will smirk contentedly when likened to a ball of fire. But he will be a little repressed if he is called a glacier, particularly by a young lady of whom he happens to be fond. "You remind me of that glacier," Janet Tibbett had said. "As cold as ice."

"Really, now, Miss Tibbett..." "Ice," she had insisted. "The only difference is a glacier's face sometimes cracks." Dr. Victor Morley lowered his razor and inspected his face critically in the mirror above his washstand. Even to an impartial observer—and Vic prided himself on possessing a calm and detached mind, free from emotional bias—its physical resemblance to a glacier was not apparent.

It was rather a pleasant-looking face; a bit on the serious side, perhaps, with an intent pucker between the eyes and a long nose on which a pair of glasses perched academically when he was lecturing his class in geology. But, in all fairness, pleasant.

His puzzled eye moved to the bedroom window and he gazed through its cracked pane at the huge wall of ice towering directly above him.

The Tibbett Glacier seemed to be suspended in mid-air like a frozen waterfall, its serrated front glinting an ominous blue in the bright Alaska sunlight, each icy point a sword of Damocles poised overhead. At any moment, the whole ponderous mass threatened to move forward and crush the little roadhouse that cowered at its very foot.

"What I cannot understand," Vic had

pointed out to Janet Tibbett, "is why you choose to remain in such a precarious location."

"It's Gram's house," she had said. "We can't leave Gram."

"But," he had exploded, "can't she live somewhere else than right in front of a glacier?"

"It's Gram's glacier—"

Vic shook his head and resumed shaving. He was shaving faster than usual, he realised; once his hand slipped and he almost nicked his ear.

The shadow of the great glacier lay heavy around him. He could feel a sort of tension in the air. He had sensed it the moment he had alighted from the bus last evening, suitcase in hand, and read the disturbing sign: "Mrs. Tibbett's Roadhouse. Dine in the Shadow of Death."

Mrs. Tibbett's son, behind the desk, had watched dubiously as he inscribed his name in the guest register.

"I'll give you a room at the back," Otis Tibbett said, "with a view of the glacier."

"That would be very nice," said Vic politely.

"You can sort of keep an eye on it," Otis added, "just in case..." He let the sentence trail and banged the bell on the counter. "Take these things up to eleven, Lem," he told the elderly hired man.

"Just put them anywhere," Vic said carelessly. "I'll unpack later."

The hired man and Otis exchanged glances. "I wouldn't do that, Dr. Morley," Otis said.

"I wouldn't unpack if I were you."

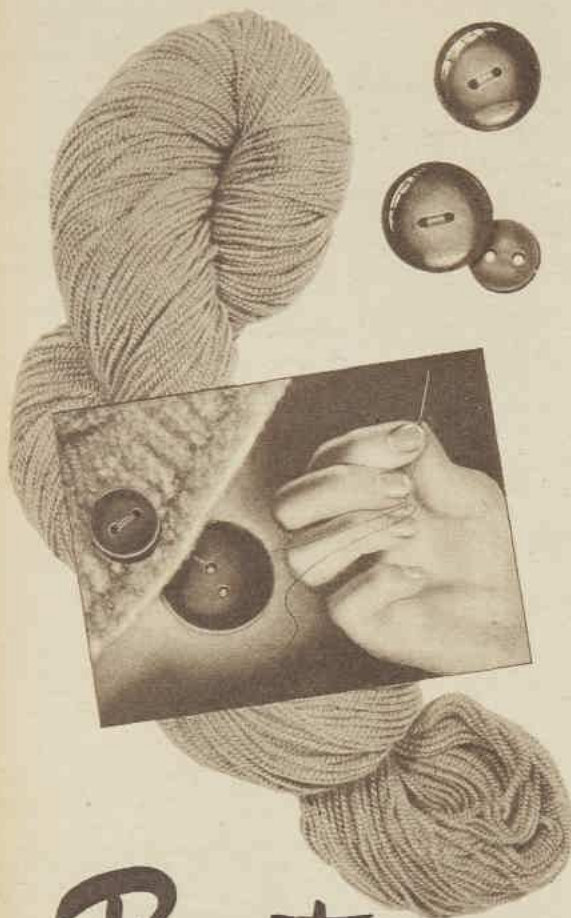
"I beg your pardon?" said Vic.

Please turn to page 4

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Otis shook his head. "I'd leave your things right in your grip," he said, "so you can grab them in a hurry . . ." Once more his voice trailed and he inclined his head significantly.

"Look here," Vic said incredulously, "you don't mean—"

Otis and the hired man glanced at each other again. "I ain't unpacked my own suitcase," Lem volunteered, "and I been working here ten years."

"I don't even take off my clothes at night," said Otis, "except my boots."

"I don't even take off my boots," said Lem, picking up the suitcase and starting gloomily upstairs.

Supper had been a hasty repast. Everything was put on the table at once, and most of the food was served out of the can. It reminded Vic of army rations on a forced march.

He bolted his lonely meal as rapidly as possible, while Otis' wife hovered at his elbow ready to snatch the dishes as soon as he was through.

Mrs. Lessie Tibbett had a long, sad face, and, so she informed Vic in her second sentence, a bad back and headaches all the time and strange shooting pains.

"I don't know what it is, I ache all over, and I get these dizzy spells, it might be blood pressure or else my kidneys. I thought maybe you being a doctor . . ."

"I'm not that kind of doctor," Vic apologized. "I'm a scientist."

"Oh," said Lessie, disappointed. "I thought maybe you could tell me what to do. I really ought to go to bed."

"Why don't you?" Vic said sympathetically.

"How could I get to bed?" Mrs. Tibbett snorted. "I got to be up and on my toes," nodding her head significantly towards the window, "in case that thing starts coming." She slid a slice of pie on to his plate. "I brought your dessert to save time."

Vic gulped the last of his coffee and fairly sprang from the table. He had eaten so fast that he had a touch of indigestion, and he lit a cigarette and strolled into the lobby, trying to calm himself.

The lobby, like the dining-room, was bare and deserted, the rugs rolled up and the chairs piled near the door. Lem shuffled past him, carrying an armload of wood.

"Getting ready for the tourist season?" Vic asked, indicating the stacked furniture.

"Nope," said Lem shortly, "just got things ready handy in case we have to move in a hurry."

Vic's self-control began fraying. "But if you all feel that way, why do you want to stay here?"

"I don't want to stay here. I got some gold claims, I'd leave in a minute to work 'em," Lem grumbled, "only I don't dast. None of us dastent leave Gram." He shook his head gloomily. "You never can tell about glaciers . . ."

Vic lit a cigarette from the stub of the first. He noticed that his hand was trembling a little.

There was a small souvenir stand beside the desk, and he strolled towards it and inspected the contents absently while he sought to steady his nerves.

It was not a reassuring display: some bits of jagged rock, a panoramic picture of the roadhouse with the glacier looming in the background ("At any moment a million tons of cruel ice threaten to wipe out this pleasant spot forever"), and several assorted pennants and streamers labelled, "We Flirted With Fate," or "Our Narrow Escape."

He picked up a booklet from the pile in front of him. The cover was a photograph of a girl, in parka and mukluks, standing on a pinnacle of ice.

"Janet Tibbett," he read. "The Glacier Girl. Personally Conducted Tours . . ."

Mrs. Tibbett's Glacier

Continued from page 3

"Can I help you?" inquired a voice at his elbow.

He turned with a start. The Glacier Girl, complete to parka and mukluks, was standing behind him. Her photographs did not do her justice, he decided immediately.

The parka hood framed a pert and very pretty face, tanned a healthy russet-brown; the stray wisps of sand-colored hair poking out from beneath the hood were almost silver against her dark skin. She was smiling at him, a fixed professional smile.

"Perhaps you would be interested in one of our illustrated pamphlets," she suggested, "giving the complete history of Alaska's greatest natural wonder."

"The Tibbett Glacier," she recited mechanically, "is probably the world's fastest moving mass of ice. It is unique among glaciers."

"If I may offer a correction, Miss Tibbett," he interrupted, "the only unusual thing about this glacier is its phenomenal speed, otherwise it is the common or piedmont type, characteristic of all Alaska and the North-west."

There was a little pause. "Oh," she said. She began again in a singsong voice: "Crouched in its mountain lair, this icy juggernaut is poised ready to hurtle its mammoth bulk—"

"Pardon me, Miss Tibbett," he broke in politely, "but ice never moves in one block. It yields gradually under pressure of its own weight by means of cracking and regelation. Because of its rigidity," he explained, "the shearing of one layer upon another produces foliation within the mass."

She opened her mouth and shut it again. "I see," she said. She attempted once more: "No one can tell when this frigid behemoth may choose to spring—"

"On the contrary," he pointed out, "its rate of motion depends on several easily determined factors, such as the weather, the amount of snow in the catchment areas, the general smoothness of the valley floor and the slope of the upper surface of the ice."

Her voice became suddenly natural. "You seem to know a lot about glaciers."

"After all," modestly, "I've been studying the subject for a good many years."

"I guess one glacier is very much like another to you."

He shrugged. "There are certain minor variations, to be sure, depending on the terrain and the granular structure of the ice."

"I don't suppose you ever felt that a glacier might have . . . well, a character of its own? Like different people, I mean?"

"Really," he smiled, "I'd scarcely go so far as to say—"

"Well, I do," she said indignantly. "I've lived beside this glacier practically all my life, and I've never seen it twice the same. Sometimes at night it's black and sort of frightening, like an animal waiting out there in the dark, and then other times, when the sun is shining on it, the ice sparkles like a diamond as big as the whole world."

"Miss Tibbett," he said in amusement, "don't you think you're being just a trifle romantic?"

"And why not?" she had

demand. Her eyes, he had noticed irrelevantly, were a deeper blue when she was angry. "Just because you're so cold and scientific and . . . and just right. Do you know what you remind me of?"

Her words still echoed in Vic's ears as he completed his shaving, soused his face in the bowl of icy water, and hurried down to breakfast. Unconsciously he took the stairs two at a time; it was hard to overcome that feeling of tension around him.

He had thought he was an early riser, but Otis was already in his accustomed spot behind the desk. Vic wondered fleetingly whether he had gone to bed at all. He acknowledged Vic's cheerful "good morning" with a morose nod, and resumed his moody contemplation of the glacier.

The dining-room was a little more cheerful; a fire was burning briskly in the hearth, and an easy chair was pulled up in front of it, heaped with blankets. Vic started past it towards the table.

"Good morning, young man," the heap of blankets said.

"I beg your pardon," said Vic, halting in confusion. A tiny old lady straightened in the chair and craned her thin neck like a fledgling peering out of a nest.

She twisted her head around towards him and blinked through a pair of wire-rimmed spectacles. It seemed to Vic that her gaze was hostile.

"My granddaughter tells me you're a scientist," she said. It was an accusation.

"Yes, madam," he said, "I've come here to make a study of your famous glacier."

"Well, there's no use bothering," Gram Tibbett said flatly. "A couple of other scientific fellows were here last year. They found out it was moving fast enough as it is without your finding out any worse."

"I've read their reports," said Vic, "but with due respect to my esteemed confreres, their findings were somewhat sketchy. It is my purpose to make an exact recording of its rate of movement."

"I don't see what good it'll do," Gram said, "except to worry everybody even more." She added casually, "How do you propose to go about this, young man?"

"The most precise method," Vic said patiently, "is by means of a geodetic theodolite, mounted on a concrete column poured directly on the rough bedrock surface. This graphs the glacial movement in seconds of arc and a simple calculation gives the advance of the ice."

"Hmph," she sniffed sceptically.

"Pending the arrival of my full equipment, however," Vic added, "I thought I'd run a few preliminary checks this morning by setting some iron along the frontal edge and measuring the distance at regular intervals on the adjacent exposed bedrock."

"That's just how those other young fellows did," the old lady said. "What's the earthly use of doing it all over again? Can't you leave bad enough alone?"

Vic bit his lip. "Perhaps you can set it down to a pardonable scientific vanity," he said stiffly, and walked past her to the table. He ate his breakfast in uncomfortable silence, conscious of a pair of steely eyes boring steadily into the back of his neck.

He stole another glance at Gram as he left the room; the blankets were piled high about her head, but he caught the glint of a pair of spectacles. They were distinctly belligerent.

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A LETTER FROM YESTERDAY

By Kathleen Crawford

The letter lay waiting on his desk. Twirling round in his swivel chair to escape the all-too-curious eyes of Miss Abernethy, the nosy shorthand-typist at the next desk, John had scanned the sheets rapidly, all ten of them.

His eyes raced through the black scrawl, straight through to the end and to the signature. Then he had gone back to the beginning, to the "John, my dear," seeking meanings beyond the written word. He looked with mounting excitement for the familiar turns of phrase, the special words of their own private language.

Finally, after a long time he realised that he was staring out of the office window across a blue-gold haze of memory. He shook his head a little, rubbed his eyes, and turned back to his desk, the letter still in his hands.

He had made a gesture towards the wastepaper basket, when a movement from the neighboring desk caused him to glance up and catch Miss Abernethy's eyes before she hastily looked away.

Miss Abernethy would like nothing better than to read those sheets of heavy, pale paper if she could fish them out of his wastepaper basket, he knew. Grimly, he folded the letter back into its envelope, jammed it into the pocket of his coat, and slammed out of the office.

All the way home, driving absently through the streets, he wondered if he would find Anne changed. Certainly she sounded like her old self. Snatches from her letter came into his mind. Particularly that intriguing sentence buried somewhere on page seven: "I'd love to see you again."

Please turn to
page 25

"John, what on earth are you doing?" Laura asked in bewilderment.

PERHAPS, John Martin thought, as he eased the car through the rush-hour traffic, I could manage to go away on business some week-end soon. But suppose Laura wants to come, too?

He spoke to himself aloud, and was startled to hear his own voice resound in the empty car. "Wouldn't that more or less mess things up?" Oh, but she couldn't leave the children, John explained to himself very carefully.

Ever since three o'clock that afternoon, when the letter had been placed on his desk at the office, John had been acutely conscious of this two-way conversation going on inside his head.

He had even wondered if those insistent voices weren't audible to everyone else in the office. In spite of the years since he had seen it, he recognised at once the heavy, pale-blue paper, that sprawled, easy handwriting.

When Anne and he had been seeing each other almost daily, they still wrote long letters to each other, and Anne's had always been thick and excited, flowing on from page to page, as if she tried to pour all her vitality into one envelope.

For a long moment John had not touched the letter, then suddenly he had reached for it, and, with a swift, decisive rip, had sliced through the heavy envelope.

The letter had bridged the gap between then and now.

It had all been so simple then. In those wartime years you had trained yourself to forget yesterday and to ignore to-morrow. You sunned and swam and dined and danced and walked along the beach in the incredible moonlight.

You walked, not caring where you went; you talked, not caring what you said. It was enough that you were in love.

Sometimes the future would in-

trude—going back to the insurance company, perhaps to marriage, a cottage in the suburbs, and later children. Back to smothering routine.

From these thoughts you would turn to Anne, to her flaxen hair blown about in the wind, to her eyes wide in the spurt of a match, or to her body close in your arms.

Then eventually your sailing orders came through. Then there was time only to say good-bye. You watched the coastline receding into the early morning mist until at last it slipped over the horizon, and you were left with the empty sea and your empty heart.

You wrote. How you wrote, hour after hour, curled up in your bunk. Whenever the ship docked, you sent the letters off from the nearest post office, a flock of white birds to fly back to Anne.

But the war went on, long and ugly, and the memory dimmed. All that was left was the after-glow. You came home a little thinner, a lot older, and it was not Anne you married, but Laura.



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The Case of Come-Hither Bend

PART SIX OF A
SEVEN-PART SERIAL

BY MARGOT NEVILLE

A SECOND murder has occurred at the little week-end resort of Come-hither Bend. While INSPECTOR GROGAN and SERGEANT MANNING are investigating the murder of attractive ENONE McGRATH near the home of VIO THOMAS, her guardian, MRS. DRUITT, wife of the local storekeeper, is shot dead.

Associated with the cases are KENNETH SYMONDS, Enone's fiance; ATHOL BOYD, his artist friend; TED FANSHAW, in love with ELIZABETH ROWAN, artist; PETER and BRIGID CONNELL, residents of the Bend; NANCY PHILLIPSON, who shared a city flat with Enone; HARRY, Vio's houseman.

Nearly all her associates had cause to hate or fear Enone, while Mrs. Druiitt's death is obviously connected with a package of incriminating letters which Elizabeth purloined from Enone's flat and left at the store.

Throughout, Grogan has been hampered by conflicting testimony. He is continuing his investigation with Manning at Kenneth's home.

Now read on:-

INSPECTOR GROGAN came back into the drawing-room and took up his stand on the hearth-rug under the massive bronze Buddha. He said: "To get back to this hour and forty-five minutes now, between 8.30 and 10.15."

Kenneth looked up quickly, a puzzled frown on his face. "Don't you mean between 9.20 and 10.15? Mrs. Druiitt was alive at 9.20 when Miss Rowan and I left the store."

"I know what I mean, Mr. Symonds. I want to know if anyone left this house after 8.30 when they knew—or suspected, anyhow—that that envelope of letters had been left by Miss Rowan at the Druiitts'." He spaced his words slowly, looking round at them all.

"Well," Kenneth said, "you heard that Miss Thomas went home almost at once, and Harry a quarter of an hour later."

"Yes. And anyone else? Was anybody out of the room for any length of time?"

"As to the length of time," Kenneth said with an ironic lift of the eyebrow, "I went as far as the cellar to get a bottle of Cointreau," and looked round at his guests, passing the ball to them.

Brigid said: "I went into the kitchen to make coffee."

Athol said, taking his cue: "Unfortunately, I went all the way to my studio. Right round the verandah! I thought it might rain, thought of my window and my new cushions underneath it. I closed it and came back. Oh dear, oh dear, why must I have such a tidy soul! If I'd stayed right here—"

"I had a headache," Ted cut him short. "I went along to the bathroom and took some aspirin." He got up and walked across the room jerkily, awkwardly. "I still have it. The stuff did me no good. I can't have been out of the room for more than five minutes."

Peter looked round inquiringly. "I don't think I went out at all. Did I? Did anyone see me leave the room?"

Nobody answered for a minute. Then Athol smiled maliciously. "Nobody seems to have noticed, old boy. If you did you must have made very poor exit."

Languidly, Nancy said: "I went into the pantry with some plates. I got fed up with seeing them lying around. I didn't do away with anyone or anything, though, except half a bottle of stuffed olives. But what's all this add up to? On an evening like this people don't stay glued to their chairs."

Grogan said, patiently: "What we're getting at is that the person interested in those

letters could have slipped out some time between 8.30 and 9.15 and no one notice. They could easily have been at the store in two ticks."

He went on: "Down there, Druiitt's out and Mrs. Druiitt's in the lounge most likely, listening to the radio. So they push up the bedroom window, climb in and get the envelope. No need to hunt, they'd heard from Mr. Boyd where she'd parked it. They tear open the covering envelope to make sure the blue one is inside, chuck down the covering one, and they're back here before anyone's noticed they're gone."

"I see . . . yes . . ." Kenneth nodded. "That's clear enough—someone went and got the letters. But what I want to know is why did they need to murder Mrs. Druiitt once they'd got them?"

"Because she knew who'd written them, that's why," Grogan put his hand in his pocket and drew out what Manning had just given him in the hall, a longish brown envelope. He held it out to Elizabeth. "This what you and Mrs. Druiitt sealed the blue envelope in on Saturday morning?"

"Yes, that's it."

"Well, on examination we find that this envelope's been steamed open and sealed up again. There's two different kinds of gum on it—the original and some from a bottle in the sideboard in the lounge."

"Sealed up again?" Kenneth repeated. "Then how could the person have known that Mrs. Druiitt had read the letters?"

Grogan said, turning the envelope over in his fingers. "My guess is that the gum was still damp on it. I reckon that Mrs. Druiitt didn't get suspicious about what was in it till Druiitt found it and told her off for taking charge of it. So this evening when he's gone off to the pub at 8.15, she boils the kettle and steams open the envelope.

She reads the letters, gums it up again and puts it back in her wardrobe."

Kenneth said sharply: "Then why didn't they shoot her when they took the letters? Why did they have to go back a second time to do it?"

"Look, I don't know everything, you know. Not yet, I don't. Maybe this person in the heat of the moment—nervous at climbing in there and that—didn't register at once that the gum was damp. That dawned on 'em a bit later, like things do."

"Very pat," Kenneth said. "Far too pat, I'd say. In my opinion, you're barking up the wrong tree."

"Oh, I'm not claiming it's the gospel," Grogan said easily. "By the way, Mr. Symonds, on the Friday night, why didn't you put your milk billy in its usual place in the box by the verandah?"

"My milk billy!" Kenneth looked at the inspector blankly. "What on earth has my milk billy got to do with this?"

"Luxtun up at the dairy says he always puts the milk in the billy by the verandah, and when he looks, he can see you in bed."

"Very nice for him, I'm sure. Well?"

"But on this Saturday morning when he gets to your place the billy's on the gate post, so he doesn't need to go into the courtyard and can't say if you're in bed or not. He said it was the first time it'd ever been put there."

"Yes, and I can tell him why. He's been making such a clatter in the mornings lately, bashing the cans about. He seems to think that if he's awake everyone else should be. So I decided to choose a more distant place for my can."

"Funny you should've chosen that very morning to make the change. Is it always you that puts it out or does Mr. Boyd sometimes do it?"

Please turn to page 34

Manning looked up from the defaced picture. "That was a portrait of Miss McGrath," he said, eyeing Athol steadily.

The Australian Women's Weekly,
May 27, 1968—Page 7





EFFECTS BY BORIS DEANS AND HALL
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Loveliness that costs so little! Loveliness that lasts so long . . . Bond's Tru-Size "Underlovelies" are tailored in dull-

finish rayon lock-nit, "Dream-glo" cotton interlock or shimmering swami. All of

Bond's lovely fabrics keep their smooth lines no matter how often you wash them.

BOND'S

IN the beginning he was a P-5, and she was only a CAF-4. From the first he sensed she was trouble, but how much trouble he did not know until the day Dr. Rauchenbush summoned him to his office. "Dunning," Dr. Rauchenbush inquired, "do you know what you have done?" "No, sir," Dunning said, suspecting it was not good.

Dr. Rauchenbush was a roly-poly man who encouraged his section to enjoy eleven-o'clock coffee, sometimes treated the whole staff to ice-cream at four, dressed as Santa Claus at Christmas, and in July and August kept his water carafe—government issue, executive type—filled with cold beer.

Philip Dunning never before had seen him disturbed, but now his body and face seemed puffed with anger.

"All you've done, Dunning, is endanger our whole programme, and make a fool of the Secretary before the House of Appropriations Committee!"

"But I couldn't have," Dunning protested, conscious that his whole tall and unsubstantial frame was trembling.

"Read this," Dr. Rauchenbush wheezed, picking up the folded newspaper that lay on his desk, with a sheet of red memo paper headed "Office of the Secretary of National Defence" clipped to its front page. Several paragraphs on this front page were viciously circled with red pencil. Rauchenbush began to read: "Congressman Hockstottle next questioned a project for the development of very long-range rockets capable of carrying an atomic war head. 'I see,' Congressman Hockstottle told the Secretary, 'that you wish to develop a rocket with a range of half a million miles. Will the distinguished member of the Cabinet explain to me whether we are preparing for possible reprisal against the inhabitants of the moon?'"

"Why, that's ridiculous!" said Dunning. "Any fool knows it should be five thousand miles, not five hundred thousand!"

Dr. Rauchenbush glanced up and continued: "There was laughter, and the Secretary leafed through the bill until he came to the item. Perplexed, he admitted that the Rocket and Guided Missiles Division of the Research and Development Board claimed the theoretical range of the new rockets to be 504,189 miles."

"Congressman Hockstottle said later that he would fight to have the item eliminated from the bill, and if necessary carry his fight to the House floor. The Secretary promised to investigate the source of what he called 'an exaggerated and irresponsible estimate.'"

Dr. Rauchenbush laid down the paper, and said, "That's you, Dunning—the source!"

For a moment Philip Dunning's long chin hung loose, and then everything became clear. "That girl!" he said. "She's done it again!"

"Done what?"

"Murdered my decimal point!"

"What's wrong with her?" Rauchenbush asked.

BY PAT FRANK



"Don't misunderstand this, Doctor," Philip said, clasping Terry firmly in his arms.

Shoot THE MOON

"Yes. 'No sex in the office.' Well, you don't have to worry."

Dr. Rauchenbush said, gravely, "Of course, you know that it is a scientist's responsibility to edit his own papers carefully."

"I know, sir," Dunning said.

Dr. Rauchenbush stared out of the window. "I don't want to lose you Phil," he said, the anger draining from him as he relaxed against the chair. "It's hard finding good competent scientists to work for the government. You'll be more careful, won't you?"

"I will, sir," Dunning promised.

He felt weak, and ashamed, and he kept his eyes on his own shoes as he walked across the general office. He felt that everyone was watching him, and that at the lunch hour in the cafeteria they'd all laugh about

his nickname, but when a scientist is under thirty he would much rather be addressed as Doctor, particularly when he is classified as Professional, Grade 5, and she was only Clerical, Administrative, and Fiscal, 4.

She was an artist with lipstick, but a clumsy dolt with a stenographer's pencil. She misspelled simple words like calefaction and tortuosity. She didn't care whether it was theoretically possible to create a man-made satellite to circle the earth or not.

He often suspected her of doodling in her notebook, when he thought he was dictating important memoranda.

Now she was waiting in his office, wearing one of those sweaters that censors consider too blinding for the male eyesight. He sat down at his desk, grim and silent.

"Hi, Slatz," she said. "Where've you been?"

"I have just been getting into trouble," he said, "from Dr. Rauchenbush."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Slatz," she said. "You mean about the long-range rocket. I read about it this morning." She laughed. "It could've been my fault."

"Could have been!" he shouted. In the tiny room it seemed that the window rattled, but she did not appear frightened. All she did was to cross her legs. She was deliberately trying to distract him.

He attempted to concentrate on his notes on the maximum tropospheric speed of the VLR-7. He found he couldn't think. She had

moved her chair closer and was staring at him, her lips half parted, and revolving her eyes in a most disconcerting fashion.

"Miss Pettibly," he said finally, "I am going home. I will not be back to-day. I may never be back."

"Oh, Slatz, aren't you well?"

He didn't bother to answer. He stopped at the Section Chief's office on the way out. "Dr. Rauchenbush," he said, "either Miss Pettibly goes, or I go."

"You're getting all worked up, Phil," Rauchenbush said. "This thing isn't so serious. I explained the missing decimal point to the Secretary, and I'm sure he'll be able to soothe Hockstottle."

"She's giving me a complex. I can't stand it any longer."

Dr. Rauchenbush folded his hands. "Firing her might be difficult, Phil," he said. "You say now that she isn't capable, but you've always given her an excellent efficiency rating. I suppose you were just being chivalrous, but that's pretty hard to explain to the Civil Service."

"Oh, I don't want her fired, anyway," Rauchenbush said. "She's only a CAF-4, and probably needs the

money. I just want her transferred."

Rauchenbush nodded. "That's also difficult. Only our junior professional people have CAF-4s for secretaries, and all of them are happy with the ones they have. However, I've an idea."

"Yes?"

"I'll promote her to CAF-5. In our section Table of Organisation there are no CAF-5s. The senior professionals and administrators all have sixes and sevens. So when she becomes a CAF-5 she'll have to go to another section."

"Dr. Rauchenbush," Dunning said in some awe, "you're a genius. But do you think it's fair to promote her, and wish her off on some unsuspecting fellow who expects CAF-5 performance?"

Rauchenbush laughed. "There are thousands of people working in this building, and most of them are men. There are very few men who would not welcome Terry Pettibly as their secretary even if she had to sign her pay checks with an X. You see, Phil, she may have a CAF-2 brain, but she has a CAF-14 body. Take a few days off, and let me handle it."

Please turn to page 43

Page 9

Her rise in the Public Service was meteoric until, like many a girl before her, she got stars in her eyes because of a man

"I don't know. I don't know what she's got against decimal points. I don't know whether she never learned about them, or whether she forgets them, or whether she just doesn't like them."

"You know," Rauchenbush said, "I thought you two would get along famously. You're both young, and full of energy, and she is very, very attractive. Remember what I told you—joking, of course?"

the man who thought he could shoot the moon.

Certainly it was Dunning's responsibility. He hadn't been himself since Rauchenbush afflicted him with this Terry Pettibly—this girl who should be earning a living in Hollywood instead of Washington.

Three days after she'd been assigned to his severe cubicle, lost in the Pentagon mazes, she was calling him Slatz. It was true that Slatz was

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 27, 1950

Heel blister? Stick on a Johnson & Johnson BAND-AID adhesive bandage—in packets 12 for 8d, 24 for 1/3 — everywhere.



Golden Jubilee Year



A Radio in Every Room



There are about a million radios in Australia over ten years old — most of them giving out-of-date performance. If yours is one of them, put it in the children's room — it's often a blessing to get their programmes out of earshot — and then YOU can enjoy fine performance from a new set. And if you have a verandah or space for parties — well, why not buy yourself an 'H.M.V.' record player.



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'H.M.V.'

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Still Lovelier Tone — Still Finer Performance

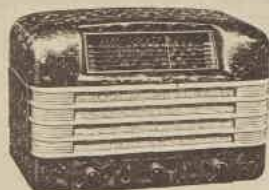
PRICE: £18/5/- (10/6 extra in W.A.). Easy Terms Everywhere and a choice of 4 colours at no extra cost—Walnut, Cream, Burgundy and Green.

Our first "Little Nipper" was the hit of '49. Now, without making "Little Nipper" any larger we've put still more into it for our Golden Jubilee year of 1950. This beautifully compact little set takes

into your home a chassis that is years ahead in design. It gives you volume. It gives you clear, true-to-life tone wherever you go on the dial. It's the most compact and beautiful little mantel model radio you've ever seen.

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**"H.M.V."
MANTEL RADIOS**

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THIS IS "H.M.V.'S" GOLDEN JUBILEE YEAR. 50 YEARS OF LEADERSHIP IN HOME ENTERTAINMENT.

Ray Hordern's Paris Notes.

● The palm goes to Jacques Fath this season for his portrayal of the new dramatic line, and he interprets it, at right, in a wool frock with a clever sideways-buttoning skirt.

● Schiaparelli's frock, at left, is a simple sheath with a superb neckline, which can be worn open and angled or closed and very trim.

● One of Fath's most spectacular and successful frocks is the sheath, above, with its double, one-sided basque buttoning on to the skirt.

● Nina Ricci's version of the new line, above, is rather conservative, but she achieves the angle look on a straight frock by buttoned revers and stiffened and welted pockets.

● In his tartan model, at right, Fath makes use of the versatile scarf as a shoulder drape falling in a panel the full length of the skirt.

Dorothea Johnston

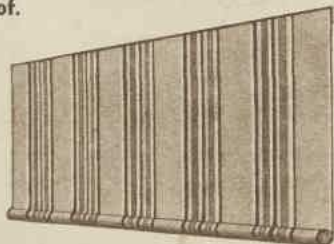


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The Little Princesses

Part VI

By their governess, MARION CRAWFORD

FOR "Cinderella," our first pantomime at Windsor Castle, we had the scenery painted by two kind men who had offered to do it for us, which offer was readily accepted.

Everything else we did ourselves. We hired costumes from Raynes—peasant costumes, the Princesses' dresses, and wigs.

There was great argument about the charge we should make for admission. Lilibet said, "Oh, you can't ask people to pay seven-and-sixpence, Crawfie. No one will pay that to look at us!"

Margaret said, "Nonsense! They'll pay anything to see us, and it is for the Queen's Wool Fund."

The Queen also thought seven-and-sixpence was rather a lot, but she eventually agreed and that is what we charged for the best seats, second-best five shillings, and on down to a shilling.

We had programmes printed, and did everything down to the smallest detail in great style.

The mornings of the pantomimes, Margaret was always sick in bed. Alah would say, "Miss Crawford, Princess Margaret is absolutely pea-green."

I would go along and look at her, and Margaret, absolutely pea-green, would say, "It's nothing, Crawfie, it's quite all right."

"I am not worrying about you in the least," I told her. "You'll have to be on the stage at two o'clock, but the morning is yours to do what you like with."

I rather doubted the first time whether she would make it, but she did, though she was in bed until ten minutes before.

But once she got up and had her make-up slapped on, she was perfectly all right.

Lilibet took it all much more

calmly, though I know she, too, was very excited. She never showed what she was feeling. They used to say I had the whitest of faces on the morning of the pantomime.

The King, who until the last moment had never taken the pantomime at all seriously, towards the end of the rehearsals began to take an immense interest.

He had never thought it possible his children could do anything of that kind, and he was always amazed by it. He went over the whole thing with me meticulously, as if he were arranging a battle campaign.

"Lilibet cannot possibly wear that," he told me. "The tunic is too short."

He was extremely helpful with suggestions over the dresses, and full of constructive criticism over the articulation of the cast.

"I can't hear a word any of them say," he would complain from the back of the hall.

In one of our later pantomimes he rearranged the final scene completely, and made it a great success.

The whole cast had to march to the tune "Red, White, and Blue

The King helped with show

Christmas." Our attempt had been chaotic, for we had six-foot Guardsmen and small children all cluttered up together.

We had arranged a scene in which Union Jacks were unfurled on the stage. The way we had it, all the small children were entirely obliterated.

The King reorganised it so that the tall Guardsmen stood at the back of the stage and held the flags there.

All this activity was a very good thing for the younger people, who could not do anything much for the war effort. From our pantomimes we raised about eight or nine hundred pounds for the Queen's Wool Fund.

We used the stage and beautiful velvet curtains in the Waterloo Room for our pantomimes.

Queen Victoria had had the stage put up in other days, for household theatricals.

Round this room there had hung for years wonderful oil paintings of the kings and queens of bygone times. These were all taken out of their frames during the war, and stacked away in safety.

We had had pantomime posters done in vivid colors for our show, and one day Margaret had a bright idea. We put these posters inside the empty frames.

The result was quite ludicrous: There was Dick Whittington with his cat gazing down from a frame marked Charles I. Mother Goose appeared as Queen Henrietta Maria, and so on all round the room.

I had wondered if the King would object, and was a little apprehensive about this, but I need not have bothered.

Not long afterwards I heard His Majesty showing someone round and pointing them out, saying, "What do you think of my ancestors?"

About seventy young officers altogether came and went through our time at Windsor. We kept a record of their names.

When the war really got bad and they went off, we would hear from time to time that one had been killed.

Princess Elizabeth was always the first to write to the mother of the officer and give her a little picture of how much she had appreciated him at Windsor and what they had talked about. That was entirely her own idea.

Many important people came and went. General Montgomery came to Windsor, where he was made a field-marshal during the war.

The two girls were immensely interested in airmen always. The



PRINCESS ELIZABETH (centre) in her role of Prince Charming in the pantomime "Cinderella" brought to the footlights the natural charm which, since childhood, always distinguished her. The pantomimes, begun as a relief from drab wartime routine, became for many years an important part of the Princesses' lives.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 27, 1950

In the five preceding instalments of her real-life story, The Little Princesses, Marion Crawford, governess for 16 years to Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, has described the happy home life of the little daughters of the Duke and Duchess of York as she first knew them. She tells from the point of view of the Royal Family the incidents of the abdication and coronation of the new King, which brought her small charges to the more important if less carefree role of the Princesses in Buckingham Palace, of the outbreak of war, the Princesses' separation from their parents when they went to live, in Miss Crawford's care, in the strict seclusion of Windsor Castle.

R.A.F. took their fancy, and the men who went up in aircraft alone were their heroes.

When an airman was to be decorated by the King there was quite a flutter in the schoolroom. The Princesses always went down to peep through the doors.

American soldiers came a lot to the castle.

The little girls fascinated them, but it became a little difficult, because one and all they opened the conversation in the same way: "I have a little girl at home just your age."

It got to a pitch when it was difficult for the children to keep their faces straight, but they struggled manfully.

"Crawfie," whispered Margaret once to me, "the children there must be in America, all our age! Billions of them!"

The Americans collected postcards of the Princesses. One day there was immense excitement because one of them asked me if he might send a box of chocolates to Lilibet.

To both the children at this time, sweets of any kind, being scarce, were an immense treat, and they counted the days till the parcel duly arrived.

The little girls were a great addition to these mixed parties, for they used to go round and ask what their children's names were, and would generally help to put shy young men at their ease.

It was a great relief to many who came to the castle for the first time, not quite knowing what to expect, usually over-awed and nervous, to be taken in hand by two high-spirited and normal little girls, one of whom at least often got a nudge or a long look from her mamma and a whispered admonition, "Margaret, don't do that!"

The Royal Family's build-up both at home and abroad never seems to me to be a happy one.

There is always an effort made to present them as some sort of superhuman creation, above the run of ordinary people. This has a lowering effect on the spirits, especially of foreigners.

How often have I seen Margaret

A TYPICAL LETTER from Princess Margaret in her pre-teenage showing her love of fun and gaiety. Already Prince Philip had an important place in the Princesses' social life.



28 Dec. 1948
WINDSOR CASTLE.

Dear Crawford,

As you never write to me, I am going to write to you! Oh! Ha! How are you? Did you have a happy Xmas? We did. Philip came! Oh Xmas eve we all had dinner together. There were 9 of us - I, the Hopes, Elizabeth, Philip, Mary, Commander Pitty King (who is the new young & very nice) Delia & us.

Then after dinner, we put out all the lights & listened to a GHOST STORY. We settled ourselves to be frightened & we were NOT. Most disappointing. Then we danced (on the little bits of boards we could find) to the music on the gramophone. We had a very nice time. Then on Xmas night we



WINDSOR CASTLE.

again had dinner together.

The Bofors officers came. Quite nice. Then we walked back to the carpet and we danced to the gramophone as it had been mended. Danced till I felt then on the next evening. David Hifford A. came to dinner & he and Philip were mad. We played Charades, clumps, & then we danced & danced & danced.

As the last night of all. Lilibet has a cold. BOY! H.C.R. We danced & rights running. I was we had to go to the window. Last night I had great fun. The party went beautifully. £250 something I think. I don't know for sure. We've missed you awfully! Good-by. See you next time! With heaps of love, mums, Mary & me from MARGARET

I was rather relieved to see that she took it as a matter of course.

In June, 1944, the war took a sudden turn. An entirely new affliction came upon us.

One hot Sunday the Royal Family were as usual at church in St. George's Hall in Windsor Castle.

News came through that the Guards' Chapel in Wellington Barracks, opposite Buckingham Palace, had had a direct hit by a strange new kind of pilotless aircraft.

The place had been wrecked, and a great many people killed, including the sister of the Queen's Treasurer. The latter was at church in Windsor with Their Majesties at the time.

I had not been to church that day; I had gone out to lunch. I returned to the castle to find everything in a state of chaos, the King and Queen anxiously awaiting further news.

For the one and only time during the whole war, I saw the Queen really shaken.

She seemed broken by the news. No one quite knew what this new weapon of frightfulness was, or what it could do. Appalling stories began to go around.

A.R.P. officials and War Ministers came in for consultations.

Vague threats had hung in the air for some time about a new and horrible weapon, and we could only suppose that this was it.

There had been something human about the old bombers.

They were guided by living crews, and, anyway, we had all grown accustomed to them.

One would cock an ear and listen, and even the little girls would know and say either "Ours" or "Theirs" as the bombers went over.

They knew the name of every British aircraft and had models of most of them.

This new abomination came zipping over the sky making a noise

Buzz bombs - 1944 terror

like antique plumbing mixed up with a sewing machine, flame belching behind.

As long as the engine went on running the thing kept going.

But there came an awful moment when the noise stopped, the engine cut out, and then it was a matter of seconds before the thing fell and exploded.

We actually had our first sight of one when we were cooking sausages with the Girl Guides in Windsor Park.

The Guide captain and I heard the thing coming, and we made everyone lie down.

I lay next to Margaret, and flung myself across her, and we waited and saw the thing go over us.

Mercifully, it kept on going. It cut out and dropped on the Wind-



AN ACCOMPLISHED ACTRESS, Princess Margaret (left) is seen here in one of her pantomime parts. Miss Crawford claims that, with her talent for dancing, singing, and mimicry, Margaret could have had a successful theatrical career had her destiny in life been different.

sor Racecourse several miles ahead, but we were all shaken by the explosion.

At this time, I noticed the little girls showed signs of strain.

Conversation would break off and I would know they were listening.

Though there was admittedly something oddly fiendish about these things—they were so utterly inhuman, like being chased by a robot—it was not long before we got used even to this.

Our daily routine was in no way affected, except that we would, from time to time, take refuge under the table, and retire into corners away from glass windows. But this, to the children, very soon became another kind of game.

Lilibet, in common with her parents and Mr. Churchill, was a troublesome number in an air-raid. She wanted to look "Do let me see what is happening," she would beg, her eyes very large. I often had to shout to her to come away from windows.

I started a series of parties which we called clump parties, to which I invited all the young officers I could find.

The Duchess of Kent would come over. We had an equal number of young men and girls, and played hide-and-seek and sardines.

We had wonderful treasure hunts, with rhyming clues and prizes.

Those parties were great fun.

Clumps is a game in which you divided into two teams of equal numbers of men and girls.

You wrote down a list of things you wanted acted. For instance, the Goose That Laid the Golden Egg.

Two people, one from each team, would rush to one person who whispered into their ears, "The goose that laid the golden egg."

Their job was to go back to their teams, act it so quickly and realistically that you guessed what it was. And if you guessed, you won a point.

I remember a friend of the Duchess of Kent, Madame Poklewski. She promptly got a hat, sat down, and made a very good imitation of laying an egg in a hat.

We had the Madrigal Society every Thursday, and they all sang well. The officers joined in, and we reached quite a high standard. Some of the boys from Eton College came, and occasionally the Eton choir.

Otherwise, outings were few and far between. An occasional visit to Coppins, for tea with the Duchess of Kent and her children, or over to a small village called Holyport, for riding lessons, were the chief excitements of those days. Most of the time we were high and dry, beleaguered in our castle.

Those were trying months for everyone. We were more anxious and strained than we realised.

The Queen, who had a great deal to do for the King, lost that gentle look, and her mouth grew firmer.

Coupon problems forced her to change her former charming style of dress.

I was on holiday when Buckingham Palace was bombed.

I saw a newsreel in Scotland showing the walls of my bedroom all down, and a housemaid looking out of a broken window. The swimming pool, the children's greatest delight, was shattered.

The palace was built with two wings; on the right the swimming pool, on the left, the chapel.

There was a direct hit on the palace, and the King and Queen were both there at the time.

They had, as usual, not gone to their shelter, as they were supposed to do when a raid was on, but had remained together in their sitting-room.

Please turn to page 21

Five pointers for those in search of figure beauty



YOUTHFUL OR MATURE—sylph-like or not-so-slim—there is a Berlei just for you! Designed to fit one of the five figure-types characteristic of Australian women, every Berlei Foundation harmonises the vital proportions of bust, waist and hips. That's why your personally fitted Berlei will mould you, flatter you, coax your figure into its loveliest lines; and withal, give you that gentle support so necessary for poise and comfort. At better stores everywhere. Ask always for a personal fitting.



The five basic Australian figure-types were classified by Berlei after a special research, conducted in conjunction with the University of Sydney, comprising a scientific measurement survey of many thousands of women. This unique Berlei Figure-Type-Indicator in the hands of a Berlei-trained corsetiere identifies your correct figure-type and helps you choose a foundation to fit your shape as well as your size, so vital to perfect fit.

Very personally yours, **Berlei** True-to-Type Foundations



● Balls made of braid and sequins trim a cap of white straw and form earrings worn on one side only.



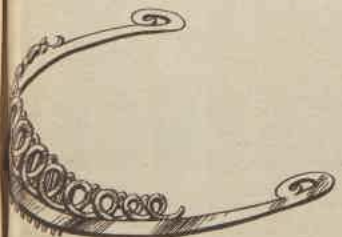
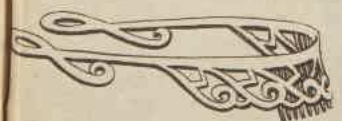
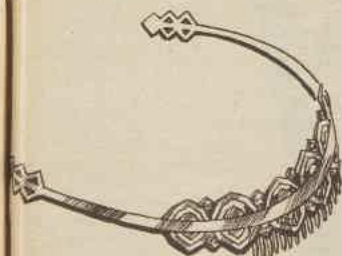
● Pink apple blossoms cover the small, straight sailor, above, and earrings are made from a cluster of the same blossoms. At left, a tiara of pansies mounted on a circlet is worn with pansy earrings.

Heady IDEAS

IDEAS for softening the current severe short hair cuts come from New York and France. In New York, Tatiana du Plessix designed earrings to match hat trimmings, and at Oyonnax, in France, a famous firm has designed special combs to suit the hair styles and add glamor.



● For day wear the comb, at right, designed at Oyonnax fits snugly around the back of the head. It is tortoiseshell in color. The comb below, right, is the same shape, but is finished in a gold color and studded with pearls. It is suitable for elaborate evening wear.



● The three combs at left were also designed at Oyonnax. The top is for evening and is gold colored and studded with diamante. The centre comb, at left, is tortoiseshell colored, and the one at the bottom is gold. They are all very light and hold the head with great firmness.



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Don't risk harsh soaps!



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and petal-smooth.
Lux care is gentler





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 Economical too, as Turban gives you 60 cups to
 the bottle. At all grocers and stores.

TURBAN *Coffee* ESSENCE

"IT'S MOST DISTURBIN' IF THERE AIN'T NO TURBAN"

TG1

Citizens rebuild home for Lithgow war widow



WORKING BEE during a week-end—some of the members of the Lithgow R.S.L. pose with Mrs. Mildred Northey. The men are helping Mrs. Northey, a war widow and mother of four children, by rebuilding the old home she has bought.

Inspired by her battle for independence, volunteers spend week-ends on job

By PATRICIA MCKINNON, staff reporter

As the result of a fine community effort by ex-service-men and other good citizens of Lithgow, N.S.W., a young war widow and her four children will soon be established in their own home.

Public subscription has supplied the money, and members of the Lithgow Branch of the R.S.S.A.I.L.A. have given the time, energy, and labor necessary to restore and practically rebuild a ramshackle house at Hermitage Flat, Lithgow, for the mother and her young family.

THE war widow, Mrs. Mildred Northey, and her four children—Ray, aged 11 years; Margaret, 9; Beverley, 7; and Janice, 5—are excited and willing helpers every week-end when the voluntary building crew takes up hammer and chisel in their cause.

The helpers, many of whom have never missed a week-end since the work began last Christmas, include a schoolteacher, a school councillor, two undertakers, a garage mechanic, a bus service proprietor, a Commonwealth Employment Officer, a railway timekeeper, a pensioner, several tradesmen carpenters and bricklayers, and two Yugoslav new Australians.

Watching the men working, Mrs. Northey, with shining eyes, says simply, "It will be wonderful to feel secure."

Mrs. Northey and the children stayed on in the house during the rebuilding operations until the job of replacing the roof was started two weeks ago.

Since then they have been staying with Mrs. Northey's parents.

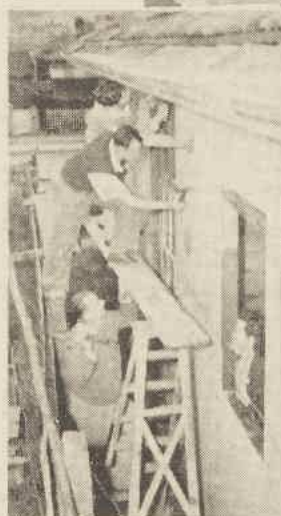
The three little girls vie with one another for the honor of taking up morning and afternoon tea to the working bee, while 11-year-old Ray has been hard at work helping with the digging of trenches for foundations, gathering and stacking scraps, and keeping the fire stoked to heat the soldering irons.

Pensions Welfare Officer of the Lithgow R.S.L., Mr. Robert Hopkins, who has been supervising the work, said it was Mrs. Northey's own battle for independence which had encouraged R.S.L. members to help her.

When her husband, Cpl. Leslie ("Lal") Northey, was killed while attacking a Japanese machine-gun post at Balikpapan, Borneo, in 1945, her youngest child, Janice, whom her husband had never seen, was only eight months old.

Left with a family to support and rear, Mrs. Northey took the advice of R.S.L. officers and used her small capital to purchase the old weather-board home she had been renting in Gordie Street, Hermitage Flat, Lithgow.

She bought it cheaply—the price was only £150—but the place was in



CARPENTERING is supervised by Mr. Les Wood (foreground). Lithgow undertaker. Helpers here are Jim Jackson (top) and Ron Hill, while Mrs. Northey looks on appreciatively.

such a bad state of repair it was practically falling to pieces.

When the children's health began to suffer, due to the cold, damp conditions caused by the leaky iron roof and unlined walls, the R.S.L. decided to help Mrs. Northey rebuild the house.

Mr. Hopkins said that £429 was raised by public appeal and through R.S.L. functions. It was felt that this would cover the rebuilding costs, but during the three years they had to wait for scarce building materials costs had risen so much it was now clear that more money would have to be raised.

"The local R.S.L. branch has decided to foot any extra bills for the time, and to straighten it out afterwards," Mr. Hopkins said.

When the alterations are complete Mrs. Northey and her family will have one of the most modern homes at Hermitage Flat.

All that will be left of the original building will be the shell of the four rooms, to which will be added—in front—a glassed-in verandah, and—at the rear—a kitchen, bathroom, laundry, and large workroom.

The workroom was specially designed so that Mrs. Northey will



WAR WIDOW Mrs. Mildred Northey and her four children, Ray, aged 11, Margaret, 9, Beverley, 7, and Janice, 5, are happy at the prospect of having a fine new home of their own. Funds for the renovations were raised by public appeal and by R.S.L. functions.

have a place to conduct a dress-making business when she finishes the course she is taking at the Lithgow Technical College.

Before the rebuilding began, the bathroom and laundry annex, which had been an afterthought added to the original building, was demolished.

The material salvaged from the demolition will be used to build a garage on the property, the rental of which is expected to pay the rates and taxes for Mrs. Northey.

The men on the job are tremendously proud that not a penny has had to be paid out so far for labor.

Mr. Hopkins said he is hoping that one of the local electricians will wire the house when the time comes, and he has already had an offer from Messrs. Bill and Norman Monaghan, painters and decorators, in Lithgow, to paint the building.

"They're a wonderful crew," Mr. Hopkins said. "They are all enthusiastic workers, from the youngest, young Ray, to Mrs. Northey's father-in-law, who is 74."

Mr. Les Wood, a Lithgow undertaker who is a carpenter by trade, worked out all the specifications for the timber framework of the new rooms and roof, and supervised the general carpentering. The plumbing jobs have been done under the watchful eye of Harry Carter, who served his apprenticeship as a plumber before he joined the staff of the Lithgow Small Arms Factory some 29 years ago.

One of the most arduous jobs the rebuilding programme called for was removal by hand of the mass of soil which had banked up under the house to floor level.

When the house is completed it will have one of the few tiled roofs

to be seen in the district. The tiles came from Mr. Norman Wyld, the proprietor of the local brewery, who gave them when he heard how long they had been waiting for galvanised iron for the roof.

When no tilers could be found in Lithgow to lay the roof, the officer in charge of a nearby migrants' camp found two new Australians—Yugoslavs Joseph Pajtl and Frank Gilich—who had had tiling experience and who were willing to help out.

Pensions Welfare Officer Bob Hopkins and Ron Hill were two men who took a week of their holidays together so they could work at putting up the new roof.

All of those who have worked on the house—truly a house which Tom, Dick, and Harry built—are ex-soldiers of either World War I or II.

Their unselfish spirit was demonstrated clearly by a remark made by schoolteacher Ronald Stewart:

"A job like this is quite a change for people like me, but it is really something for the men who are doing this sort of work all the week to spend their week-ends at it, too."

Our Cover

KELSO MASTER REX is the Sydney silky terrier reproduced on this week's cover from a color picture taken by staff photographer Clive Thompson. Master Rex is owned by Mrs. E. L. Blythe, of Cheltenham, Victoria. At the Royal Sydney Show this year he was awarded the prize as best Sydney silky terrier, male or female, first prize in the open Sydney silky section, and challenge award in the same section.



FRONT VIEW of Mrs. Northey's home at Hermitage Flat, Lithgow, shows the men hard at work. Glassed-in front verandah, yet to be added, brick fence, and a coat of paint will make a neat home.

FIGHTING

T.B.

NEXT Friday, May 26, will be Anti - T.B. Association Badge Day in Sydney, climax of their current appeal for funds to pay for the new Diagnostic Bed Chest Clinic they are building at Surry Hills.

The Association, however, are seeking more than money. They want the intelligent co-operation of the public in their campaign and they believe that this could bring about the elimination of T.B. in Australia within twenty years.

In particular, they call on the mothers of Australia to do a special job in their own home circles.

The Association would like everybody to be X-rayed regardless of whether or not they have reason to suspect the presence of infection.

It is the mother, they say, who can persuade son, daughter, or husband to take this step, which results in early diagnosis and prevention of the spread of the disease.

Of every 100 people X-rayed by the Association one has T.B. in some form, and in every 400 people one has it badly. These figures include the thousands who are tested in factories and country centres by mobile units, most of them having no reason to think they are affected.

The Association works under the sign of the crusader's emblem, the double-armed red cross, which is the international emblem of campaigners against T.B.

Everybody can be a crusader against T.B. Make your money donation on Friday if you can, but make an even more important contribution by being T.B.-conscious now.

ISABELLA OF FRANCE: Known as she-wolf

WHEN Isabella of France arrived in England in 1308 as the bride of Edward II, she was only 13 years of age, her husband 24.

But as a precocious beauty, conscious of her doubly royal lineage (she was daughter of the King of France and the Queen of Navarre), she had no intention of being treated as a child.

This union between the Royal Families of England and France was a brilliant diplomatic match, and all circumstances seemed to combine to ensure that it would be successful.

Yet the ill-auspices under which it began might have given some inkling of the tragedy in which it would end.

Edward II, son of Edward I, one of England's greatest monarchs, was a misfit for his period as well as for his Royal destiny.

His character had been weakened through the domination of his great father, who had died in 1307, the year before his son's fatal marriage, leaving him with problems of State, notably the war with Scotland, with which he was quite unfitted to cope.

He took refuge in rowdy, ill-assorted friends and in undignified, if harmless, amusements.

He was strong only in one point, and that was in his loyalty to his young men friends, whose companionship he much preferred to that of his youthful bride, and for whom he showed himself willing to jeopardise even his throne.

In another period many of his characteristics might have endeared him to popular opinion, but in that era of grim, cruel, and warlike knights he was regarded with nothing but contempt.

The proud young Isabella quickly came to share the general opinion of the unpopular King.

Had Edward had the perception to try to win her favor, she might have settled down even without love, to being one of England's many virtuous Queens. But the slights which he heaped upon her by his preoccupation with his favorites and his complete lack of attention to her engendered in her an anger and a hatred the depth of which was proved only by later events.

Edward's mistakes in his treatment of his young bride began from the moment of her arrival in England.

Edward I on his deathbed had enjoined his son to fulfil the match which had been arranged for him with Isabella nine years before when she was only four years old.

The young King hastened in this, at least, to do his father's bidding, as news of the beauty of Isabella the Fair, as she was known, had crossed the Channel.

Edward went to France for the marriage, which was celebrated in the cathedral at Boulogne in the presence of all the royalty of Europe.

There was general admiration for the Royal couple during the fes-

tivities which followed for the fortnight before they left for England.

But on their arrival at Dover things first started to go wrong.

Edward was greeted there by his favorite, Gaveston, a young Gascon of insignificant birth, whom the new King had recalled from the exile into which Edward I had sent him. Edward had made him Regent during his absence in France, to the great displeasure of the nobles and people of England.

The moment Edward saw Gaveston at Dover, he left Isabella's side, rushed to throw his arms around his friend, and addressed him as "brother."

This was considered most offensive by Isabella and her two uncles, Charles, Count of Valois, and Louis de Clermont, Count of Evreux, who with many other French nobles had accompanied the Royal couple to England to be present at the coronation ceremony, which Edward had postponed till after his marriage.

Husband's slights resulted in bitter hatred, ending in planning of devilish murder

Isabella's outfit was magnificent for her new role in life, and her father had also made many costly gifts to his prospective son-in-law. Edward immediately bestowed all of these on his favorite Gaveston, who is reported to have had an insatiable passion for finery.

So incensed was the young bride by this disposal of the gifts which she regarded as part of her dowry that her anger was obvious to all.

The huge crowd which attended the coronation, attracted by stories of the young Queen's magnificence, was unique in the annals of the period, but even here there was trouble.

Gaveston had taken on himself the management of the entire coronation ceremony.

Either his arrangements were made with little judgment, or they were intentionally disregarded, for the whole occasion became a scene of complete confusion. Several serious accidents occurred, and a knight was trodden to death.

At the late dinner which followed

the ceremony, the food was badly cooked and served with little ceremony.

The first year of Isabella's marriage continued as badly as it had begun.

In spite of her beauty and her talents, Edward treated her with scant attention, but she received the attention her vanity demanded from her half-uncles, Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, and his brother, Henry, Earl of Derby, who were the leaders of the discontented barons and bent on championing their Royal niece against Gaveston.

The discontent among the barons and with Isabella herself, caused by Gaveston's influence with the King, ended in the fifth year of their marriage when an outbreak of civil war led to the capture and assassination of the favorite.

This coincided with the birth of Isabella's first child, later to become the great and noble king, Edward III.

Edward, inconsolable at the death of his friend, joined his wife at Windsor Castle for the birth of his heir.

This event raised Isabella to a position of respect in Edward's mind which she had never before occupied. Isabella herself showed no particular sign of maternal devotion. Although beloved and championed by the people of England as much as her husband was despised and maligned, she was by nature less worthy than he of affection even before she had perpetrated the deeds which won her the title of the she-wolf of France.

Had her disposition equalled her beauty and pride she might have really won the heart of the good-natured, but weak, Edward.

Although never an amenable wife, Isabella had not yet shown her true character with its strength for wrong-doing.

She followed her husband to within fairly safe distances of his cam-



ISABELLA OF FRANCE, surnamed the Fair, who came to England as a child bride.

FAMOUS WOMEN

paings, and added three more children to the Royal household, a second son, John, of Eltham, and two daughters.

The King was evidently gratified at the birth of each child. He made gifts to various people, and was dutifully affectionate to the Queen.

However, one of the original causes of disunity between the Royal couple, Edward's absorption with his friend Gaveston, began to be repeated in his devotion to two new favorites, the De Spencer brothers.

Once again fighting broke out between the King and the barons, and Isabella, expecting another child, retired to the Tower of London for safety.

Here she met Roger Mortimer, the evil genius of her life, who as one of the captured barons was there awaiting the death sentence.

How their meeting developed into romance has never been explained, but in a short while apparently an understanding was reached between the two, and Isabella intervened with Edward to save Mortimer's life.

To the King's undoing he agreed to commute the sentence to life imprisonment, a punishment which was cut short by Mortimer's escape to France.

Edward, now well under the influence of the De Spencers, seemed for the first time to realise the danger that lay in the unscrupulous plottings of his Queen, and he revoked many of her privileges.

When she complained of this to her brother, Charles le Bel, now King of France, the French King threatened to seize all the provinces held by Edward from the French Crown.

Edward was startled by this threat, and so accepted Isabella's crafty offer to go to France and negotiate with her brother for him, taking with her their son Edward.

Having succeeded in this treacherous subterfuge, Isabella's plot for Edward's downfall was well under way.

She had no intention of returning to England, except at the head of a victorious army, with her son as the future king and Mortimer as the practical ruler beside her.

Continued on page 30

Hollywood brought nearer home

WOULD you like to be a screen star?

You needn't go to Hollywood or London; scores of films are made every year in Australia—by amateurs.

There's not much glamor or publicity for the amateur stars. They get no pay and they have no standards, which means that they have to take many knocks and falls.

Amateur movie-makers produce comedies, dramas, Westerns, documentaries, and even animated cartoons.

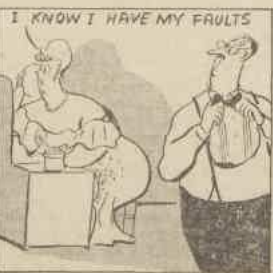
A Queensland company, Associated Producers, which specialises in Westerns, is typical.

Associated shoots most of its films at Mount Gravatt (Queensland), where cactus has been substituted for Australian native shrubs.

Stars of Associated are Dawn Ellen Young, a 17-year-old stenographer, and Alan Gill, a fitter, who used to ride buckjumpers at rodeos.

The story of amateur movie-making in Australia is told in A.M. for May, now on sale. It describes how you, too, can make films.

By GUS





STRATHNAVER PASSENGERS Mrs. Eugene Goossens and Doni, who have been away from Australia for almost a year with Doni's sister Renee. Mrs. Goossens has lived in France and Italy, also England, rejoins her husband at their home in Vaucluse.



PARTY AT AUSTRALIA. Minister for External Affairs, Mr. Percy Spender, and Mrs. Spender receive Mrs. K. H. Rahman, wife of Pakistan Trade Commissioner, at party Mr. and Mrs. Spender gave to entertain delegates of British Commonwealth Conference on South-East Asia. Mrs. Spender is also busy at present with plans for Royal Empire Society Ball to be held at Town Hall this Wednesday.



AT PICKWICK CLUB. Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Haskins at reception after wedding at St. John's Church, Darlinghurst. Bride formerly Janet Alexander, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Alexander, of Benelong, Oberon. Geoffrey is son of Mrs. Haskins, Oberon, and late Mr. Gerald Haskins.



HAPPY COUPLE. Attractive Judith Dowling and her fiance, Theo Tyndall, of Canberra, who announce their engagement. Judy is only daughter of the Keith Dowlings, Springfield, Murrumbidgee. Theo is youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Tyndall, Newcastle.



CELEBRATION PARTY. Judge Shortland with his daughter Judith and her fiance, Dr. Monty Hicks, at cocktail party given by Judge and Mrs. Shortland in Kent Room of Australian Hotel in celebration of their daughter's engagement. Monty is only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Hicks, of Neutral Bay.



PLANNING BALL. Mrs. L. Gadd (left), Mary Rhodes, and Thea Hansford, members of Methodist Ladies' College, Burwood, Old Girls' Union, discuss plans for ball at Wentworth Ballroom on June 7.

Intimate Gossipings

THERE'S been a lull in Sydney's social round while young matrons hustled round town and country taking their young fry for holidays, outfitting them for the coming months, and paying the inevitable visit to the dentist before packing them off again.

This week the country again descends on Sydney—for Sheep Show week which commences this Thursday. Show continues until Saturday, and then sales commence on May 29 till June 1.

Now that Australia's most important animal has become an aristocrat due to astronomical price of wool, can we'll be flaunting sheared mouton with almost the same aplomb as mink—did I say almost?

LOTS of festivities planned to coincide with Sheep Week. This Thursday the Australian Corriedale Association invite members to party at Pickwick Club. President of the Queensland branch of the Corriedale Association is a woman, Mrs. I. M. Todd, and she is expected to be present.

Sheepbreeders' Association issue 400 invitations for cocktail party to be held in members' dining-room at Sydney Showground this Friday. Members of the diplomatic corps will mingle with our sheepmen.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Neville Green, Edgecliff, and his bride, formerly Annette Mulhearn, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Norman St. Clair Mulhearn, of South Grafton, cut wedding cake at reception held at home of bride's parents after marriage at St. Patrick's, South Grafton.



FIRST-NIGHTERS. Mella Nicholson and Patricia Glass attended first night of "The Girl Who Couldn't Quite" at the Palace Theatre. Pat wore fur cape over her royal-blue sheer frock, and Mella wore pale pink satin and marquisette encrusted with beading. Pat's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Glass, of Bellevue Hill, were also in party.

WOOL BALL, at Romano's, in aid of Peter Pan Kindergarten, will be held this Saturday. Always popular with country folk, ball this year has become a "must" on most social calendars. Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones and George Falkner have been asked to judge best wool evening-gown.

FOLLOWING Monday, May 29, Pitt, Son, and Bathery will hold their annual Sheep Show Ball at Wentworth Hotel, in aid of Far West Children's Health Scheme. Chairman of directors, Mr. Jim McLeod, and Mrs. McLeod, of Panmure, Junee, and Sydney, will be there to greet lots of country friends. The J. H. Traills, of Bundella, Mr. and Mrs. Peter White, of Havilah, Mudgee, and their son David, the John Garnocks, and the David Garnocks, of Bombala, the Henry Whites, of Goolah, and Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Craig, of Taralga, are just a few who have booked tables for the night.

SETTLING back into the Australian way of life is Mrs. Morris Jones, formerly Peggy Redmond, who returned to Australia with young son Michael from America for visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Redmond, of Naremburn. Peggy's home is near Dallas, Texas, and her husband is a professional baseball player. Peggy's sister Leslie returned home with her, Leslie, after trip to England and France, joined Peggy in Texas, and both sisters travelled back to Sydney together.

NO sooner do country districts recover from their picnic race meetings, which have been thick and fast the past few weeks, but they plan their annual polo carnivals. Goulburn has already played, and this week Scone Polo Club plans bright two-day carnival this Tuesday and Wednesday. Wirragulla are sending two teams, and the president of the Scone Polo Club, Colonel J. R. C. Davies, and his popular wife have loaned their home, "Var-randi," for club members and visitors "get-together" tea and social evening after first day's play.

INTERESTED to learn that Sidonie Goossens now intends to call herself Doni to distinguish herself from her famous aunt, Sidonie Goossens. While in England Doni studied the harp with her aunt.

BRIEFLY: Mrs. Charles Gough, of Eurongie, Gully, Comamable, has returned home after enjoyable holiday in Sydney with her sister Bobby and Joan Lloyd, of Maroubra. . . . Mrs. C. I. Holland and her daughter Jill, of Uungula, Wellington, with Jane Barton are making preparations for a trip to England and the Continent, leaving in the Strathmore on June 23. . . . Lots of hard work going into the organising of the first annual ball of the Manly Junior Soccer Club, which will be held in the Soldiers' Memorial Hall, Manly, this Thursday.

joyce

Mrs. Tibbett's Glacier

Continued from page 4

It was dark when he returned to the roadhouse. He approached at full gallop, his hooves sending spurts of gravel from the driveway as he ran. He banged open the door and leaned against the jamb for a moment, trying to catch his breath.

"I've got news!" he panted, "about the glacier . . ."

Otis sprang to his feet, his face white. Lem stopped sweeping and gripped the broom by the handle, ready for action. Only Gram remained calm. She sat motionless in her rocking-chair, gazing at Vic.

"I've just taken careful measurements," he continued, "and I've found out—"

"Oh, I knew it!" Lessie Tibbett wailed, standing in the dining-room doorway, and wiping her hands on her apron. "We got to hurry. It's coming!"

"On the contrary," said Vic, "it's going away."

There was a stunned silence.

"I checked it twice to-day to be sure," he announced to the lobby triumphantly. "My first measurement . . ."

He took a notebook from his pocket . . . was at 10.13 a.m. The distance to stake number one was 66 7-8 inches. At 2.03 p.m., three hours and fifty minutes later, the distance was 66 1/2 inches, or a net loss of one-eighth inch . . .

Janet Tibbett had halted at the head of the stairs listening.

"At 12.37 p.m.," he read, "the distance to stake number two measured 28 1/2 inches. At 5.13 p.m., a total elapsed time of four hours and thirty-six minutes, the distance was only 28 3-8 inches."

"Go on," Otis prompted, in a hoarse whisper.

"In short," Vic concluded, "my computations show that the Tibbett Glacier is not only receding. It is going backward at such a rate of speed that in a short time you'll have to move the roadhouse to keep up with it."

Lem's broom hit the floor with a crash. He gave a yelp of joy and rushed out into the night. Otis

was shaking his head in slow comprehension, a grin spreading over his face.

Lessie Tibbett had collapsed in the doorway, wiping her eyes with her apron. "Oh, I can't believe it," she wept in relief. "We're safe!"

Vic beamed complacently. "And now if you'll excuse me," he said, "I must write out a preliminary report to send up on the morning bus. To-morrow after breakfast I'll check my measurements once more and compute the exact rate of recession."

"In the meantime," he bowed to Gram, who returned his gaze stonily, "I trust you'll all sleep more easily to-night."

Janet Tibbett fell back a step as he mounted the stairs toward her. Her voice was barely audible. "It isn't true."

"I assure you, Miss Tibbett, there is no possible doubt," he smiled at her. "It's a dead glacier."

"Dead . . ." Suddenly her eyes welled with tears.

Vic had the dizzy sensation of a knight who has slain a fiery dragon and rescued the beautiful princess, only to find it was her pet dragon.

"But there's nothing to be upset about," he faltered. "The danger's all over. I don't understand . . ."

"Of course you don't. You're a scientist; it's just another problem in geology to you. You couldn't understand how a thing like a glacier can get to be personal and real, like an old friend. Ever since I was a little girl I've loved this glacier . . . And now . . ." Her voice wavered unsteadily. ". . . now you've killed it!"

She turned and ran sobbing down the hall.

Vic walked down to breakfast next morning with a slow and deliberate step. The former feeling of tension was gone from the air, and the roadhouse seemed strangely quiet.

A faint sound of activity came from the kitchen and he pushed open the door. Janet Tibbett was standing beside the sink, mixing a bowl of batter.

"Good morning," he said after a moment.



"It's true I went to the races, but I didn't gamble on the horses, honest I didn't, Ma."



"A word of advice . . ."

She did not answer.

"I was just wondering about breakfast," he said politely. "Is your mother . . .?"

"Mother's in bed," Janet replied shortly. "She had a headache, and her back hurt, and she's not going to get up to-day."

"Oh." He looked around the empty kitchen. "Where's Lem?"

"Lem's quit the job. He's gone to work some gold claims."

"And your father?"

"Father," she said briefly, "is drunk."

There was an uncomfortable silence. Janet stirred the batter briskly, poured a spoonful into a skillet, and watched it sputter and begin to brown. Vic shifted his weight from one foot to the other.

"I'm sorry about last night, Miss Tibbett . . . Janet," he attempted.

She did not object.

"Janet," he repeated more confidently. For a moment he even debated patting her arm, but decided against it. "I'm sorry my information affected you as it did."

Janet slid a spatula under the edge of the hot cake and flipped it over in the pan.

"After all, I was only reporting the facts," he pointed out in all

fairness. "The measurements show conclusively that the Tibbett Glacier is soft and melting fast. You couldn't expect me to ignore the facts," he said, "just because of some little sentiment . . ."

"Oh, no," bitterly, "I couldn't expect you to do that." Her eyes were a deep blue. "A fact is more important to you than anything else in the world. You haven't any room for sentiment."

She slid the hot cake on to a plate. "You're solid ice right to your heart. You'd never get soft. You couldn't melt if you tried."

She shoved the plate into his hands.

"Here," she said uneasily, "you'd better eat this before it gets cold, too."

He stood holding the plate, his jaw sagging. The kitchen door slammed.

The next morning Vic picked his way cautiously along the frontal edge of the glacier in the direction of the first stake. It was uneven going, a morning mist hung low over the ice, and the cracks and ridges were difficult to see until he was almost on them.

The main body of the glacier was hidden entirely. Once or twice Vic paused and glanced above him uneasily; somehow he had the feeling

that the glacier was watching him through the mist, sad-eyed and reproachful. He frowned at this sign of weakness and increased his pace.

He nearly stumbled over the first stake before he saw it.

Quickly he pulled off his gloves, knelt beside it and took a careful measurement. He glanced at his watch and recorded the data in his notebook: 8.03 a.m., 109 inches. His eye moved automatically to the entry he had made last evening. "6.42 p.m.," he read, "24 1/2 inches."

Vic leapt violently as though he had been stung by a hornet. He crouched beside the iron stake and measured it again with trembling fingers. There was no mistake. In the space of ten hours the glacier had advanced seven feet two and three-quarter inches.

He sank on a ridge of ice and tried to collect himself. The morning was cold, but his face was beaded with perspiration. He licked his moist lips. Perhaps he had set the stake carelessly last night in the dark. Perhaps he had jotted down the wrong figures. At least, he told himself, stake number two should correct the error.

Please turn to page 24

NOW! AN IMPROVED TOOTHBRUSH WITH ROUND-ENDED NYLON BRISTLES



You can massage your gums while you clean your teeth . . . better than ever before!

The new Improved Wisdom Toothbrush is made with Round-Ended Nylon Bristles—so smooth, so stimulating, so vigorous in action. The smooth, round tip of each strand gently slides over the tenderest gums—penetrating between teeth . . . stimulating nerves and blood vessels . . . toning up tissue . . . pro-

moting perfect oral health. Now you can effectively massage your gums while you clean your teeth. For brighter, smoother, glistening, white teeth—firmly held in rosy pink, healthy gums—start using the Improved Wisdom Toothbrush. Get one without delay for each member of the family.

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AN ADDIS PRODUCT—THE IMPROVED TOOTHBRUSH

1/9



CAMP-COOKING with other Guides, Princess Margaret Rose (centre) enjoys an informal day. This is what she was doing when the first "doodle-bomb" flew over Windsor Castle, and Crawfie threw herself across Margaret to protect her.

The Little Princesses

Continued from page 13

It was never officially announced what a narrow escape they had, but we who knew of it were horrified, and I think some of the household or His Majesty's staff must have remonstrated with them.

After that, they went to the shelter more regularly when there was an alarm.

"Almost before the wreckage had cooled off," someone told me, "here they were, the two of them, calmly making their way about it, like people crossing a river on stepping-stones!"

We carried on with our Guiding all through the war, and had our headquarters at the mausoleum.

There is a tree sanctuary in the grounds of Windsor Castle, which was built by Queen Victoria in memory of the Prince Consort.

Queen Victoria's summerhouse is close by, and we made use of that, also, for our Guide camp.

Queen Victoria, I believe, used to drive over in her little pony cart and sometimes have her breakfast there.

It has a big front room furnished with her favorite Scottish pine.

The walls had a paper covering with green ivy design on it, very old-fashioned but rather charming.

There is a large writing table there, and an easy chair which the Queen used in her old age.

Along the passage, brass rings are let into the wall. I was told these were for her to hold on to when she was very old, for she was always extremely independent and liked to do things for herself.

Her hand-basin and water-jug, which she kept there to wash her hands, still stand on their old-fashioned table.

Another building we made use of was a small-sham temple, also built by Queen Victoria, who put up a great many of these all about the woods and gardens. One came in very useful as a boathouse for our Sea Rangers.

When we were camping out, I slept in the mausoleum.

I never cared much for sleeping under canvas, nor did Lilibet.

She was immensely tactful about this, and never actually refused, but there always seemed to be some very good reason why she should not do so.

I felt much sympathy for her. She was getting older, and had been brought up so much alone, I could understand why she did not want to undress before a lot of other chil-

dren all of a sudden, and spend the night with them.

Margaret, who was much younger, thoroughly enjoyed it all. She had her own flea-bag, or sleeping-bag, of which she was extremely proud, and she was a menace to the Guides' officer-in-charge.

Every evening, I would watch the same performance. From the tent that housed Margaret there would burst forth storms of giggles.

The Guides' officer would appear, say a few well-chosen words, and retreat.

The ensuing silence would reign for a minute or two, then a fresh outburst probably meant Margaret was giving her companions an imitation of the Guides' officer's lecture.

Sleeping-out came to an end with the arrival of the doodle-bugs, or buzz-bombs.

The Queen felt it was too dangerous to have the responsibility of other people's children there at night.

So the camp became a daytime institution only, and everyone came over early in the morning but went to their own homes at night.

We had some deep slit trenches made near our camping-ground, close to the mausoleum; and an A.R.P. man was told off to keep in touch with the wardens up at the castle, so that we would get plenty

Always bombs at lunchtime

of warning if anything happened to be coming along our way.

The warning they had arranged was a loud tooting on a car that was kept near the listening-post. As soon as we heard it, we dropped whatever we were doing and bundled into the trench.

It always seemed to happen at lunchtime, when we were very hungry and the lunch smelled extra good. There we would have to crouch in our deep trench, watching the soup and other things gradually cool off in the distance.

The King and Queen frequently came to tea with us on Sundays. The evacuee children enjoyed all this very much. All the children now had bicycles, and we used to hold grand bicycle rallies.

A quiet and not-much-commented-upon ceremony took place in 1941, when Lilibet was confirmed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Cosmo Lang, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

The bombing just then was pretty bad, and, looking back on it, it seems strange how little notice anyone took of it.

The things that had to be done were done.

Our lives were planned to continue as usual, between explosions and occasional withdrawals to our dungeon. Or under a table.

I have often thought it was about this time it began to dawn on Lilibet what her future might be, and that it was unlikely she would lead the carefree life of an ordinary English girl.

She rarely spoke of what was uppermost in her mind and, like the rest of the Royal Family, said least of what she felt most deeply.

But one walk we had together, on the morning of her confirmation day, eluding the boisterous Margaret for once, we went off together.

When we were on our way home again, she slipped a small hand into mine for a moment.

"I'll have to try to be good, won't I, Crawfie?" she said, and I knew she wasn't thinking then of the ordinary schoolroom tasks and her home life.

The whole family came down to Windsor for the ceremony.

It was a very touching service—the one grave little girl in a simple white frock, carrying a white prayer book with "E" on the back of it.

She looked so small against the dark paneling of the old chapel.

Everyone was extremely kind to me that day, and the King and Queen and Queen Mary spoke to me warmly about my work with the children.

I remember I had a lump in my throat most of that day.

Perhaps I felt that this ceremony in the old chapel marked the first step that was to take my Princess away from me.

From the windows of Windsor Castle we would often hear the Guides talking to the soldiers who were going round the terraces to see the sights.

The little girls' vegetable garden, where they painstakingly grew lettuce, cabbage, and beans, were a favorite visiting place, and one day we heard a Guide say, pointing up to the drawing-room window:

"And in there is where the two Princesses have their dancing lessons and do taproom dancing!"

Please turn to page 22

So gloriously natural...

it completely defies detection

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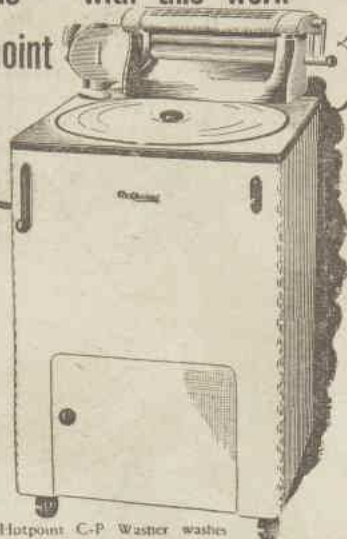
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"stiff" look. Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser for a bottle of VELMOL.

The Little Princesses

Continued from page 21



CHANGING THE WHEEL of a car at a vehicle maintenance class, Princess Elizabeth completes part of her A.T.S. training.

WHILE we were at Windsor, about twelve of us worked for our Guides' cooking badge.

We met each Thursday from two to four in the housekeeper's kitchen. Each had a baking-board and rolling-pin.

The Princesses loved it. We used to send up the result of our efforts—stews and soups and cakes—to the A.R.P. men on the look-out on the castle walls.

Occasionally, on Cake Day, we held a tea party for the officers next door in the housekeeper's dining-room. This was most popular. We gave them the scones and cakes still hot from the oven, which must have been most indigestible.

There were changes everywhere. The familiar and loved servants who had served Their Majesties so long and seemed like members of the family themselves began to leave, called up to serve in factories or in women's services.

And, like everyone else, we were under-stuffed, and the most unlikely people had to take a hand with the most domestic jobs.

It was now that the King's piper, who, before, had never done anything but pipe, started to help by writing on table. Several retired pages, grown old, came back to do what they could.

At this time, my ambition was to join the W.R.N.S.

I felt I ought not to be shut up in Windsor Castle, but all the household said I was doing my job of work by keeping these young children happy so that the King and Queen would be free as far as they could be to think about the affairs of State.

However, I was duly registered. I remember being asked, "Who is your employer?" and I replied, "His Majesty, the King," which they put down rather unbelievably.

I waited for papers to arrive, but none did. I mentioned it to the King and Queen one day that I had registered.

The Queen said, "Oh, I have had to register, too!"

I said I rather fancied myself in the W.R.N.S., and the King said, "What you are doing is your job. We could not carry on if you weren't here."

From the time Lilibet was fif-

teen, she began to take on social tasks. The King made her colonel of the Grenadier Guards in 1942, which was a great delight to her.

It was a popular appointment, for we had seen a great deal of the Guards all through our Windsor years, and both girls had many friends among the young officers.

Lilibet took her duties with immense seriousness and zeal. It was the first time she had done anything of the kind.

Like all young people, in her enthusiasm, she almost overdid it.

After one inspection, at which Lilibet had made some rather pointed criticisms in her ringing voice, one of the majors said to me, laughing:

"Crawfie, you should tell the Princess quietly that the first requisite of a really good officer is to

be able to temper justice with mercy."

Philip appeared on the scene again. It was quite a time since we had seen him.

We were all involved in one of the pantomimes, very excited just before our first performance, when Lilibet came to me, looking rather pink. "Who do you think is coming to see us act, Crawfie? Philip."

He had been in the Navy for some time, and I wondered what he would be like now he was grown up. He was, I knew, to sit in the front row, and I took a moment off to have a look at him.

He was greatly changed. It was a grave and charming young man who sat there now, with nothing of the rather bumptious boy I had first known.

He looked more than ever, I thought, like a Viking, weather-beaten and strained, and his manners left nothing to be desired.

The pantomime went off very well. I have never known Lilibet more animated. There was a sparkle about her none of us had ever seen before.

From then on, the two young people began to correspond. She took an immense interest in him, and where he was and on what ship.

At that time, most girls had someone they wrote to at sea, or at the front.

I think, just at the start, she liked to be able to say that she, too, was sending off an occasional parcel and writing letters to a man who was fighting for his country.

Although she was now growing up and taking on a number of outside duties, Princess Elizabeth still had no suite of her own.

She divided her time between the schoolroom and the nursery, and as now, from time to time, people came to see her officially, it was decided that she must have a sitting-room of her own.

There was a little boudoir done in pink tapestry between the schoolroom and the bedroom which had once been the Princess Royal's sitting-room. This she could use as her private apartment.

Lilibet was enchanted with the idea, and we moved out a lot of books and had the room made ready for her.

This was her first real break away from nursery and schoolroom life.

When we went back to the palace after the war she had her own suite of rooms there—a bedroom and sitting-room and bathroom, just along the corridor from Margaret's rooms and mine.

Like most other families, we, too, were plunged suddenly into mourning. We heard news of the Duke of Kent's tragic death.

The aircraft in which he was travelling on duty ran into a hillside in a desolate part of Scotland.

It was a great shock to the two little girls. It was the second uncle they had lost completely, for though the first, Uncle David, was not dead, they never saw him any more. In the palace and the castle his name was never mentioned.

The news had to be broken to the Duchess over the telephone where she was at home, the last baby still very new.

For a long time she was prostrate, and she has never regained the old brightness and gaiety that were once hers. Her very lovely face, to me, is now always a little sad.

For years she went nowhere and did nothing, devoting herself entirely to her three children.

The youngest was only seven weeks old when the Duke died.

I have always found it a little sad to see this exceptionally beautiful young woman leading, as she now does, such a quiet life.

A year after the Duke's death she went up to Scotland, taking a friend with her.

She sought out the keeper who had found the crashed plane. It had come down in a very desolate and inaccessible spot, miles across the moors from anywhere, and very rough going.

On foot, she made her pilgrimage to the spot, and sat for a little while there on a boulder, alone.

One can picture the thoughts and memories of their happy times together that must have gone through her mind there among the heather he had loved so much, the curlews crying overhead.

IN Part VII of The Little Princesses, next week, "Crawfie" writes of Princess Elizabeth as a transport driver in air raids over London, of her first experiences as Councillor of State during her father's absence on the Italian front, of V-Day when for the first time in their lives the Princesses were allowed to mingle incognito with the crowds, of the death of Alah, who had been nurse to the Queen as well as her daughters, and of the rumors that began to circulate after Philip's photograph appeared on Elizabeth's dressing-table.



FAMILY GROUP of the Duke and Duchess of Kent with their children, Princess Alexandra, Prince Edward, and baby Prince Michael, at the baby's christening only a few weeks before the Duke's death.

As far as the Royal Family were aware my private life was entirely made up of visits to my mother during holidays, and I am sure it never occurred to any of them that I had ever thought of marrying.

This was by no means surprising, as I had never given a soul the slightest indication of such a possibility.

Sometimes I was asked point-blank by friends if I was going to remain unmarried and stay with the Royal Family all my life, but such queries were easily parried.

However, the time came in 1939, after the war had started, for me to make a very hard decision, but, although it was a great effort, I made my decision to postpone marriage until after the war.

To be honest, my conscience worried me considerably and it seemed to me that, if I married now that the war was on, I would feel like a soldier who had deserted his post.

The King and Queen relied on me. I was entirely in charge of the two Princesses, one of whom was the heir presumptive to the throne of England, and it gave their parents, who themselves carried such crushing responsibilities, considerable peace of mind so long as I remained with the Princesses.

So duty won the battle, and I waited until after the war before getting married.

But I know I was right in my decision, and the very happy life I now enjoy is ample repayment.

Lilibet registered when she was sixteen, along with other girls of her own age group, at the labor exchange in Windsor. From that moment she agitated to be allowed to join one of the women's services. "I ought to do as other girls of my age do," she said firmly.

Many of her friends had already gone. Her cousin, Lady Mary Cambridge, was a V.A. working not in some luxurious hospital for officers where her presence would have been more than welcomed, but in the poorest parts of blitzed London, where she did a wonderful job.

There was little doubt now that Lilibet was England's future Queen.

No one ever spoke of this. But I think perhaps it was in the King's mind, more than anyone knew, and that it was because of this he was at first very reluctant to allow her to join up and face what could not help being a certain amount of danger and hazard.

Finally he gave way. Both his daughters could be immensely persuasive, and had a habit of getting

what they wanted in the end. Especially from their father.

After some discussion with his advisers, it was decided the Princess would be allowed to join the Auxiliary Territorial Service, as a subaltern.

So Commandant Wellesley arrived one morning, very brisk and hearty, and took Lilibet in hand.

At the depot, a car jacked up, its wheels off, awaited her. In the following weeks she was put through the whole business of taking an engine to bits and putting it together again.

There was great excitement when her uniform came.

She was very proud of it, and I think the King in his own heart was very proud of his daughter for having taken this stand.

Margaret was much too young to join up, and, as usual, she was very cross at seeing Lilibet do something without her. But when she saw how very unbecoming khaki was, I think it made her feel much better.

I took Margaret one day to tea at Lilibet's mess in Camberley, which was a great treat for her. It was amusing to see how hearty all the lady officers were, drinking sherry and smoking cigarettes.

Lilibet had never smoked and does not do so now. Nor has she ever adopted the fashion of blood-red nails, but only paints hers a very pale pink.

Commandant Wellesley used to come at eleven every morning and say, "Do you think the Princess will be able to do this, or do that?" I had always been inclined to keep her in bed with a cold, and one day

Alah came to me at breakfast and asked if I would ring the commandant and say the Princess was not well enough to come.

I went along to see her. "Oh, Crawfie," she said, "I simply must go."

I said, "But don't you realise what a responsibility and a nuisance you will be to everyone, and how much you will worry them? What good can you do, going along there if you are not well?"

I rang up the commandant and we discussed this. She said that the Princess had already overtired herself because she was so keen.

She had gone through the most arduous things at times when other girls would have been only too glad of an excuse to take things easy.

"Tell the Princess she must remain in bed until she is really fit," the commandant said.

To be continued

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Australian Premiere at SYDNEY "REGENT" THEATRE.
Coming to leading theatres throughout the land.

Mrs. Tibbett's Glacier

Continued from page 20

VIC ran along the jagged ice towards his second stake. Even at a distance it looked suspiciously out of line. He knelt beside it, sensing the worst. The measurement was 437 inches. He took a deep breath and checked the previous entry in his notebook: 33 inches, or a net gain of thirty-three feet six inches.

The evidence was irrefutable. The Tibbett Glacier had reversed its field during the night, and was moving forward again with the approximate speed of a wild stallion.

He took out a cigarette and struck a match shakily. The match halted in mid-air. A few rods away, in the vicinity of the third stake, his ears detected the faint but persistent sound of chopping.

He whipped out the match and crept cautiously forward towards a higher ridge of ice. He raised himself to his full height and peered over the top. A diminutive figure in parka and mukluks was crouching in front of him, hacking a hole in the ice with a small hatchet.

As he watched she picked up an iron spike lying beside her, set it in the hole she had just made, and began packing the ice chips firmly around its base.

"I beg your pardon," said Vic. The intruder dropped the hatchet with a little gasp and rose to face him. Beneath the parka hood Vic's amazed eyes caught the familiar glint of a pair of spectacles.

"May I ask, Mrs. Tibbett," he inquired after a moment, "what you are doing?"

"I'm changing your stakes," said Gram calmly.

"So I see," said Vic. A new thought struck him. "You seem to know just how to go about it. I take it this isn't your first attempt."

"Oh, no," said Gram. "I changed 'em on those other young fellows, too. Every time you scientists come round here trying to make trouble, I have to go out and change 'em again."

Somehow Vic had the feeling that he was being put on the defensive. He assumed a sterner tone. "And

may I ask why you are tampering with my personal property in this fashion?"

"I'll tell you why, young man," Gram replied. "I'm changing the stakes to this glacier will head in the right direction."

"But this is a receding glacier..."

"I know it is," she snapped. "I've known it for twenty years."

"And all the time," Vic accused, "your family has been living in a state of nervous tension."

"That's right," Gram nodded. "If it wasn't for their being scared, they wouldn't have lived here at all. Why do you think this family's stuck together so long?"

"What do you suppose, has kept Lem working here at a decent job instead of winding up broke in the Prospector's Home at Sika? What do you suppose has kept Leslie from taking to bed with some of her imaginary complaints? What do you suppose has kept Otis sober all these years?"

"But..." Vic felt himself floundering. "You have no right to interfere with the course of science just to keep a few people happy."

"Young man," said Gram, "you may know a lot about science, but what you don't know about people would fill a lot of bookshelves."

She yanked the drawers of the parka hood tight beneath her chin, turned on her heel and set off with astonishing agility across the ice. Vic watched her thoughtfully as she disappeared in the eddying fog.

Otis took another sip of bicarbonate of soda and set the glass on the counter before him. He placed a towelful of cracked ice against his throbbing forehead. "Sorry to see you go, Dr. Morley," he said. "Wish you could stay longer."

"Thank you," Vic said, taking a couple of bills out of his wallet, "but I'm afraid I've done about all I can."

"It was quite a shock when you brought us the news this morning," Otis sighed, "but I guess we all make mistakes once in a while."

Leslie Tibbett drifted down the



MAJOR-GENERAL
R. N. L. HOPKINS

... holds new post
NEW Deputy-Chief of the General Staff, Brigadier R. N. L. Hopkins has been promoted to Major-General. Genial, energetic, and a good talker, he was born in Victoria 53 years ago. He was in charge of the organising and training of the first Australian Armoured Corps, saw war service in New Guinea, and in 1946 commanded the Australian Component of B.C.O.P. in Japan. He is a Duntroon graduate, and until recently commanded the Fourth Military District, S.A.

stairs, her dressing-gown trailing. "At least, it's better to know the worst," she said. "I'd hate to be caught lying in bed if that thing starts coming."

"Well..." Vic glanced at his watch. "I'd better get out to the highway. The bus is due in a few minutes."

"Here, Doc, don't you bother with those grips," Otis banged the bell at his elbow. "Lem," he said, "the Doc's leaving."

Lem picked up the suitcase and led the way to the door. "Don't blame you," he grumbled over his shoulder. "Don't blame anybody for leaving this place. I'd leave it myself if I had."

Interesting People



MISS JESSIE ABRAHAMS
... hospital appointment

SECOND woman to hold a position of this type in Australia, and only one in N.S.W. with diploma of Royal College of Midwives, England, Jessie Abrahams is the new teacher of obstetrics at King George V Hospital, Sydney. Trained at London Hospital, she did three years' post-graduate study at Guy's. Later she became supervisor and tutor of the maternity department of the Canadian Hospital in Berkshire. Born in Perth, she left there with her family when she was 18.

Vic halted abruptly on the doorstep. Janet was standing in front of him, a curious smile on her face. "Vic..."

"I won't be causing you any more trouble, Janet," he said, a trifle cheerfully. "I'm about to recede. As soon as the bus arrives, I'll be extinct."

"Vic," she said in a low voice. "Don't leave."

He was not quite sure he had heard right. "What?"

"Vic," she said, moving closer to him. Her parka hood had fallen back against her shoulder and she was looking up into his face. "Gram just told me..."



MR. BONAR DUNLOP
... horse memorial

DESIGNER of the bronze plaque unveiled in Sydney on Anzac Day to commemorate the horses of Desert Mounted Corps in Palestine during the first World War, Bonar Dunlop was trained in Europe as a sculptor. A New Zealander by birth, he served with the Finnish Army early in the last war, and later with the R.A.F. Subject of Arthur Murch's winning Archibald Prize portrait for 1949, he is 33 years old and is married to a former English ballet dancer. He lives in Sydney and is on the art staff of A.M.

It seemed a long time later that Vic became aware of somebody shouting at him. "Hey, Doc," Lem was calling excitedly from the highway. "your bus is coming."

He lifted his head, still holding Janet tight in his arms. "I'm not taking the bus," he yelled in reply. "I'm sticking around a while to help look out for Gram. You never can tell about glaciers."

He thought, as he lowered his lips again to meet Janet's, that he caught the flash of a pair of spectacles from an upper window of the roadhouse. They did not seem hostile.

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Radio Star, auctioneer, newspaper columnist, song writer... where does he get all that bubbling energy? Listen to Jack Davey himself: "I've been a Horlicks regular for many years. Horlicks has always kept me going at the top of my

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Jack loves that rich, malty flavour of Horlicks. "You can't beat Horlicks for flavour and nourishment," he says.



"What am I offered?"

When Jack Davey steps onto his auctioneering rostrum at eleven in the morning he doesn't come down again until four in the afternoon! And that happens every Thursday and Friday at "Hi Ho House", Sydney. In that time he will sell anything from a fork to a fox fur—nonstop! "Yes," says Jack, "I've got to keep going flat out for five solid hours—that's why I always have a glass of Horlicks before I start."

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A Letter From Yesterday

Continued from page 5

JUST that, and nothing more. Was it casual courtship? If so, why write at all after years of silence? She wanted to see him as much as he wanted to see her. That much was obvious. Was she, could she be, still in love with him?

In him, the fire was still burning—banked low, to be sure, but there, nevertheless, to be fanned until it was once more glowing and warm. Why not in her, too? We shall see, we shall see, said John Martin to himself. He hummed a little tune as he turned the car into his gravel driveway.

Across the front lawn, as fast as sturdy legs could carry him, came John's second child, Peter, a touselled boy of two, with bright brown eyes and his father's crooked grin.

John jumped out of the car and squatted down, his arms outflung. Squawling with delight, Peter leaped upon him. John pretended to be knocked down, and for wild and desperate moments they tumbled together there on the lawn, until John was forced to admit defeat.

Peter chortled with glee, his eyes on his father's face. "Lolly?" he said.

"You little devil, if your mother caught me giving you lollies at tea-time she'd murder us both!"

He threw his son up on his shoulder and carried him to the front door. "Go and tell mummy I'm home while I put away the car."

Screaming the news for all the world to hear, Peter ran into the house. Some moments later, his father followed him and found his wife in the kitchen, just putting a cake into the oven.

"Um-m-m, smells good," John said, kissing the back of Laura's neck.

"Hallo, darling," she said. "Aren't you home a little early?"

"Um-hum."

Through the door, John saw the rake leaning against the garden fence. "I came home to burn all that rubbish I've been collecting." He did not add that he would also burn the letter in his coat pocket.

"Don't take too long," Laura called after him as he went out. "The Simpsons are coming over this evening for bridge."

"Oh, no," he wailed. "Not that!" John, you know I reminded you this morning!" She went on imperiously: "I'll give Peter his tea early and put him to bed as soon as possible. We'll have dinner in about an hour."

John grunted morosely and went off to the incinerator.

Round the corner of the garage, hidden from the kitchen windows, he slipped out of his coat and hung it from a nail.

With one hand on the rake he turned back, thinking he would read Anne's letter just once more. He would also make a note of her address before he burned the letter.

He reached into his right pocket—and reached again—vainly. Must be in the other pocket. He felt for the other pocket, reached in, came away empty-handed. But he was certain he'd put it in an outside pocket! Well, in all the excitement perhaps.

He fumbled through the assorted papers he kept in his inside pocket. Old envelopes scribbled with the names of prospective clients, the gas bill—considerably overdue—but no letter from Anne. He felt his heart suddenly kicking like a panicky rabbit because then, and only then, he admitted that he had lost it.

He continued to hunt desperately through all his trouser pockets, again through his coat pockets.

His throat was dry and his breathing hard, like a man who has run a long way. It was not by any means the kind of letter you wanted lying about for the world to read. Convinced at last that he had not got it,

he ran to the garage and began searching the car.

He pulled up the cushions, groped under the seat, scrambled through the glove compartment, looked under the mat on the floor, felt on his hands and knees, and even clambered half-way under the car. No letter, he told himself.

He sat on the running-board and held his head in his hands. Pull yourself together. When did you leave it last? Driving home? Yes, and distinctly he could recall putting his fingers on it just as he stepped out of the car to greet Peter.

Peter! There was the culprit! Peter had a habit of feeling in his daddy's pockets for sweets, and, like a magpie, made off with practically everything else he found there too.

With one leap John was off, sprinting towards the house with a sigh he had not shown for years. "Peter, Peter!"

Through the front door he burst, shouting his son's name, and skidded to an abrupt stop in the middle of the living-room when he saw, sitting cross-legged on the sofa gently turning the pages of a picture book, a model of innocence and wide-eyed virtue.

"Hallo, Daddy," Peter smiled his crooked grin, but to John's feverish eye there was devilry in it.

John said with a hoarse attempt at casualness: "Hallo, Peter." He waved a few fingers feebly. "Did you take a letter out of Daddy's pocket when we were playing on the grass just now?"

He tried to make it sound unimportant, like a game of hide-and-seek, but even to his own ears his tone was hollow.

"Read me a story," Peter said, holding out his book with an appealing gesture.

"Daddy will read you a story when you find him the letter you hid."

THE little boy watched him for a moment earnestly. "All right," he said, and slid easily off the sofa.

"Where did you put it, Peter?" asked John as quietly as he could, not yet believing in his good fortune.

"In the kitchen."

"Where Mummy is?" John yelped in anguish. "Did Mummy see you?"

Peter shook his head and led the way solemnly to the kitchen.

Laura was standing at the table beating up some eggs in a bowl. "Finished burning off?" she asked.

John laughed weakly. "No, no. Not yet. I thought I'd just come in and—play with Peter for a while."

"Well, Peter's going to have his tea any moment now." With fascinated eyes, Peter watched the twirling egg-beater.

"Peter," John said, "we're playing a game. Remember?" He enunciated very carefully, and tried to catch his small son's eye. "Where is it?"

Peter ambled over to the breadbin and bent down to reach the handle, but John was there before him and flung it open. Inside was a loaf of bread. Nothing more.

John gritted his teeth and grinned horribly at his son's disarming face. "Ha, ha," he said. "Great fun. Now tell Daddy where it really is."

Stiff-legged, like a playful kitten, Peter trotted out of the kitchen, with John trotting close behind him.

Up the stairs and into his parents' bedroom went Peter, over to the chest of drawers. He touched the knob of the bottom drawer and smiled sweetly upon his father.

"Drawer," he remarked, and allowed himself to be patted on the head.

Dropping on to his knees, John pulled the drawer open and carefully flung its contents—assorted underwear of Laura's—on the floor.

Please turn to page 27

NORTH - SOUTH - EAST - WEST

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Gaynor—AUSTRALIA'S LOVELIEST SHOES

Schipa's son sings opera at age of four

By
GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN,
staff reporter

Because he studied singing "so hard every day for seven long years that he got a little tired," world-famous lyric tenor Tito Schipa seldom sings for pleasure and never rehearses before a concert.

When preparing for an operatic role he reports for rehearsals for the convenience of fellow-members of the company, but does not have to worry about learning his part because he is word perfect in the 12 operas to which he restricts himself.

THE tenor, who is in Australia for a concert tour, told me that during the first few years of his singing career he sang in more than 30 different operas.

"That gets me tired, so now my name it is known, I sing only in the operas which best suit my voice," he said.

"I like best Massenet's opera 'Werther,' when I must sing the intelligent, dramatic role and kill myself dead, and then I like Donizetti's 'L'Elisir d'Amore,' when I am the very shy, romantic man."

A nuggety, energetic little man, with thick dark hair brushed back into a close bob, and lively dark eyes, 51-year-old Tito Schipa is five inches shorter than his beautiful wife, Diana, who accompanied him to Australia. Their four-year-old son Titino remained with his maternal grandmother in the Schipa summer home in the hills of Genoa.

Expressive hands

SCHIPA speaks and sings in eight languages, including the romantic Neapolitan, and emphasises most of his remarks with expressive hands.

His hands met in an explosive clasp, then went up into the air only to shoot almost to the floor when he deplored ambitious parents and singing teachers who ruin the voices of young singers by "always having them singing until their voices, so untrained, go down, down, down, never to be good again."

They waved wildly while he told me that Walter Pidgeon and Tyrone Power are "my such good friends" and that he knew both Rossellini and Ingrid Bergman, and "Ingrid she is not beautiful, but tall and fresh, which I mean is young because fresh it sometimes has other meanings."

He shook his finger at me when he announced that "modern music it has no melody that people like to sing afterwards, but I like to hear it because I am myself the composer."

When he said that his wife, a former Italian film actress, had many beautiful dresses, but "looks, oh, so wonderful in the brilliant green," his hands were spread out to the world, but they immediately took hold of imaginary reins and jiggled when he told me that "the horseback riding is my hobby and I ride many times in the hills of Genoa and the open spaces beyond my United States home in California."

But his hands were clasped soulfully together when he talked about Little Titino.

For Little Titino shows signs of being a musical phenomenon, according to his proud father. From listen-



LYRIC TENOR Tito Schipa and his wife, Diana. Schipa is also a composer and one of his melodies is a lullaby called "Little Tito," written for his small son Titino.

ing to Tito Schipa records he can sing already excerpts from 15 operas, and he "conducts" from his parents' box when attending the opera.

"He likes — no — he loves the music," said his father.

"Perhaps he will be so wonderful at it, and that I sure want, you bet."

Soon Little Titino will start learning the piano, and if he makes good progress he will also take on the violin, but his father is emphatic that if he does not show the expected talent he will not be pushed.

"Too many untalented children are forced to learn music and it is all such a waste of money," declared Schipa, sen.

Romantic preferences

HE is particularly fond of Schubert's music and that of the old Italian composers Caecini, Giordani, and Scarlatti.

"They are very romantic composers," he sighed.

He declared that he is temperamental "only when things are wrong," and usually follows a set programme pattern. He starts his concerts with classical songs, then sings two or three operatic arias, and finishes with Spanish and Neapolitan modern songs.

He considers Puccini the most popular operatic composer, and finds

that audiences never tire of "La Boheme," in which he has sung the role of Rudolph 127 times.

Diana Schipa allows her husband to do most of the talking, but she talks freely about her romance with her husband. She said she first saw him on a studio lot in Italy and noticed how "so many young women on the lot flocked round him and made him miserable."

She decided she would not throw herself at his feet but quietly knocked on his dressing-room door and asked if she might have a picture of him.

"I was polite, of course, but I kept my distance and certainly did not try to interest him in me as anything more than another person working at the same studio," she said.

They saw each other frequently at the film studios, and had several outings together before work on his film was finished.

"Then he had a surprise for me," Mrs. Schipa said.

"You can imagine how I felt when he asked me if I would prefer to continue my film career or become Mrs. Schipa. It did not take me too long to make up my mind. So I became Mrs. Schipa and here I am. All that I can now say is that each new day reveals to me how well and how wisely I chose."



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A Letter From Yesterday

Continued from page 25

JOHN emptied the drawer, stared glassily at the paper lining it, and turned to his son, who was watching him with immense interest. "No letter," John told him rather pitifully.

Peter laid his hand upon the knob of the drawer above. "Drawer," he said.

Gamely, and without a word, John began to pull the contents of the second drawer out upon the floor. Again he confronted his son with an emptied drawer and no letter.

Palms itching, he could, at that moment, cheerfully have murdered his small son.

"Peter," he said caressingly, "Peter, Daddy's tired. Daddy doesn't want to play any more. Show me where the letter is, there's a good boy."

He knew only too well that if he lost his temper now and frightened the child, the situation — already perilous — would become a catastrophic scene of tears, explanations, and...

He even pictured himself, bag in hand, leaving for the nearest hotel. So, gently, with heroic restraint, he found a smile and gazed pleadingly at Peter. Peter pointed to the next drawer. "Drawer," he said again.

Laura came into the bedroom as John attacked the next drawer.

The empty drawers and the mess on the floor caught her eye. "What on earth? Oh, John — and with the Simpsons coming!"

"I'll put it back. Never mind," he said roughly. "It'll be just as it was. Go to your mother," he told Peter hopelessly, and began clumsily to gather armfuls of pink things to stuff back into the chest of drawers. Laura groaned but said no more. She shoed the reluctant Peter into the kitchen.

With a last lingering hope, John poked through the "cat piles" of handkerchiefs, shirts, and underwear in his own upper drawers. He searched under the bed and lifted the rug and pulled cushions off chairs. Good heavens, the letter could be in a million places, and it was just his luck, he told himself bitterly, to have the kind of wife who could find anything the moment she wanted it.

Not that she'd read it, he assured himself, swallowing hard. She was much too fine a person to read her husband's letters. Besides, she trusted him implicitly.

"Why should she?" piped the little voice in his head in high, clear tones. "You don't deserve it. And if she found a fat blue envelope addressed to you in a woman's handwriting, you think she wouldn't even peep?"

The bedroom a shambles, John worked his way through the living-room, one eye on the kitchen door in case Laura should come in.

He looked behind the sofa, under the sofa, beneath the cushions, under the edge of the rug, on the mantelpiece, in the fireplace, and between the books on the shelves.

He was hot, tired and really frightened now. He wanted nothing more than to get a cold bottle of beer from the refrigerator, to sit back with his feet up, and take a long drink. But he

didn't dare. If he didn't find that letter, he might not have a refrigerator any more, nor the beer to put in it.

Well, this method was futile, he admitted, standing forlornly in the centre of the living-room that was still his. Peter had forgotten more good hiding places than his father could ever dream of.

Into the kitchen went John and said to Laura brightly: "How would you like me to put Peter to bed?"

Standing over her son with a spoonful of some saucy brown concoction, at the same time trying to stir a pan on the stove, Laura looked weary, surprised and appreciative. "What a sweet thing to think of, John."

John shoved the spoon at Peter's clenched teeth. Some of the food went in, but most of it spluttered in a wide arc over face, high chair, and John.

Peter gurgled with delight. "That's enough," said his father, scrubbing him roughly with a cloth. "To bed with you!"

Laura watched her husband swing Peter up out of the chair. "Don't forget his prayers," she said.

John carried Peter up into his own little bedroom, set him down on the floor and said, in a very friendly manner: "Where's that letter, Peter?"



"I'm not going to sleep until that figure of my imagination gets out from under my bed."

Amrably Peter shuffled to his small chest-of-drawers and pulled open a drawer. John eagerly at his heels. "Jamas," he said, dragging them out.

"Yes, yes. Daddy knows you can find your pyjamas," John patted

him, careful not to let his hand fall suddenly and strike the child unconsciously. "Now let's find the letter."

Peter was unbuttoning his shirt. "I can undress all by myself," he observed.

"You're a clever boy." He helped Peter out of his clothes and hustled him into the bathroom. Twenty minutes later Peter was kneeling by his bedside.

"Now I lay me down to sleep..." He looked up over folded hands at his father. "Shut your eyes," he said.

John obeyed until Peter said "Amen."

And then John suddenly pulled his son into his arms and hugged him tightly, rubbing his cheek against the boy's bright hair.

"Now hop in and I'll tuck you up." He leaned down and kissed him. "Before you go to sleep," he said plaintively, "wouldn't you like to tell Daddy where you hid the letter?"

Beatifically Peter beamed at his father. "Drawer," he said, and claved his eyes.

John controlled himself sufficiently to close the door softly, and returned to the kitchen, where he leaned against the door and watched his wife still busy at the stove.

"Mission accomplished," he reported listlessly.

"That was a big help," she told him. "Thank you, darling." She sighed, brushing her damp hair back from her forehead. "Dinner's almost ready. Mrs. Adams phoned to say Betty's staying the night with Judy. So it is just ourselves."

Please turn to page 29



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ORIENTAL MURALS and screens, vases filled with English tulips, and red-and-gilt brocaded Italian thrones are among the miscellany of antiques which mingle in lounge of Laurence Brewer's hotel for Australians at Hampstead, London. On throne with footstool is his partner, Tim White, also an Australian.

Oriental treasures in hotel

Australian uses museum pieces in catering venture

From MARY ST. CLAIRE of our London staff

In the pleasant North London suburb of Hampstead a house decorated with fabulous treasures from the Orient has been prepared as a hotel for Australians.

It contains enough antique pieces from the East to make up a sizeable museum.

THE 20-roomed late-Victorian house at No. 50 Parliament Hill has been bought by a Western Australian, 47-year-old Laurence Brewer, director of Claremont-Nedlands Theatres Ltd.

Mr. Brewer—a bachelor—has converted it into a residential hotel where Australians can stay at a reasonable price.

He originally came to England on business for Claremont-Nedlands, to ship prefabricated cinemas to Australia, but soon became interested in buying a hotel.

When he saw this house, with its rooms full of richly colored old oil paintings, exquisite Oriental vases, Buddhas, and vividly embroidered silk hangings, he determined he would have the lot.

The owner, 72-year-old Roland Everett, who had spent 50 years travelling extensively in the Far East collecting the treasures, eventually agreed to sell outright.

Mr. Brewer then had the pleasure of arranging his precious possessions to make the place homely, as well as impressive.

This he has done without sacrificing the atmosphere of the Orient.

In the lounge, shaded lamps of Eastern origin highlight red silk draperies and a deep red carpet, so that when the curtains are drawn the room seems suffused with a soft, rosy glow.

Ashtays at the arms of two Italian thrones drawn up to the fireplace are exquisite white marble Indonesian statuettes of gently smiling young boys carrying lotus flowers.

Mr. Brewer has arranged for Western Australian dietitian Mrs. Elizabeth Etchell to come over from Perth to be chef.

Alan Sharkey, who is house manager of Shaftesbury Hotel, Perth, will be manager.

If the house at 50 Parliament Hill is a success, Mr. Brewer hopes to buy other houses to provide reliable stepping-stones for Australians visiting England.



GOLD-EMBROIDERED curtains make background for a fine Buddha mounted on a gold-and-red lacquered table.

MAKING a telephone call in Oriental surroundings is a guest, Mrs. Irene Gordon, of Roseville, Sydney (left).



A FAVORITE PIECE, a Chinese gilded ceremonial dragon, is held by Laurence Brewer, owner of all this magnificence. Mr. Brewer intends to establish a chain of residential hotels throughout England.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 27, 1950



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A Letter From Yesterday

Continued from page 27

FACED with a loaded plate, John found he wasn't hungry. He forced himself to eat. Laura eyed him anxiously. "You feeling all right? You're not eating much."

"I'm fine."

"You haven't talked about the office to-night, and you don't seem to be enjoying your dinner."

He rubbed his jaw sheepishly. "Do I always talk about the office?"

"No. Not always. Sometimes you talk about making ends meet."

He groaned. "Brilliant conversationalist, in fact!"

"And," she added wickedly, "sometimes you say that if you have to sit through another evening with the Parkers or the Adams or the Simpsons you'll go mad."

"But I never do," he countered defensively. "I always behave, don't I?"

"Oh, you're charming to all our guests, dear."

"And I take it out of you?"

"I didn't say that."

"But it's true," he said. "I suppose you hate these evenings as much as I do."

"Oh, they aren't so bad. I suppose they're good for your business."

"Laura! Laura!" he cried, exasperated at her placidity, angered at the picture of himself her words conjured up. "Don't you ever get bored? Tired? Fed up?" He pounded the table. "Don't you ever want to break things?"

"Careful," she said, "you'll wake Peter."

She looked at him and a wry smile pulled up her mouth. "That's a privilege I never indulge in," she said. "I can't afford to. I wouldn't want to jeopardise all the things I love for the pleasure of letting off steam whenever I'm tired and fed up and bored."

"Then you do get fed up sometimes?" he asked eagerly.

It was such a completely novel idea to him that he had to say it again. "You really do?"

She nodded. "Often. But not often enough to play games with my happiness."

She rose and carried away the dishes.

That evening John went through all the actions as though his life belonged to somebody else—a character named John Martin, a tall man with a crooked grin whose hair was beginning to thin. He did not like the Simpsons, although he managed to hide his dislike. But he liked himself even less.

He passed refreshments and made conversation with the skill born of long habit. But it was not habit that made him compliment Laura on her appearance in her new dress.

"Why, darling, you've seen this dress a dozen times before," she said, to which he mumbled that it looked nicer than ever.

Nor was he particularly skilful when he caught her suddenly in the kitchen, in an embrace so passionate that it shook the bones in his body. Finally, when the Simpsons left, John went to his wife and took her face in his hands tenderly. "I love you very much," he said humbly. "Never doubt that for a moment, will you?"

Without a word, she kissed him lightly and broke away.

Once or twice he cleared his throat. "Laura, I—I want to talk to you."

"Won't it keep 'till morning? I'm dead tired."

Irresolute, he stood in the empty room that was littered with crockery and drifting with stale cigarette smoke. The moment passed. Now if she were to find the letter, she would never listen to an explanation, no matter how humble or sincere.

Following her into the bedroom,

he stumbled into speech, cursing his inarticulateness. "Darling . . ."

She was already in her dressing-gown and just about to slip into bed.

"I'm too sleepy to talk," she murmured. "Good-night, dear."

"Good-night," he said miserably, and began to undress.

Lying in bed, his hands under his head, he stared at the blackness. Curse that letter! Curse this whole stupid situation.

What was the matter with Anne, anyway, writing incriminating letters to happily married men? She should have the common decency to keep her memories to herself, not to put them down in her bold, sprawling handwriting for all the world to read.

If only this would come all right, he swore to himself he'd never even think about another woman. Too risky. Too downright dangerous. And more trouble than it was worth, especially when you considered all you had to lose. And for what? Just for a small moment snatched from the past?

Let the past keep its memories—here was his life, here in this house. Here was his present and future, too.

Fool, he said bitterly to himself. Never knowing what you have until you lose it. Laura and Betty and Peter . . . Sick with disgust at himself, he turned over to try to go to sleep.

UNDER the pillow lay the letter. He touched it unbelievably, fingered it, clutched it. The breath rushed out of his body in a long sigh of gratitude.

Peter, the little devil, saying: "Drawer, drawer," all the time, with never so much as a glance at the pillows on the bed! One day, perhaps, he would chuckle over his son's clever tricks, but now . . .

Wait a minute though! He had looked under the pillow after Peter had gone to his tea. Or had he? Of course he had. Then who had hidden the letter there, Peter or . . . ?

He would never know. He could never ask her now. That would mean making the letter seem so important that it would never be forgotten. The only sure thing was—now at least he knew what he wanted.

"Laura," he whispered.

"Yes?" she said, too quickly for someone who was supposed to be asleep.

"Laura, are you asleep?" he asked in a low voice.

"No, dear. Not yet."

There was a long silence. John could hear hoarse breathing. It was his own.

She asked, "Do you feel all right?"

"Do you?" he said hopefully and meekly.

"Yes, darling. I feel grand."

"You sure?"

"I'm sure."

"Well, I feel grand, too," John Martin said, and smiled into the darkness. His hand closed round the letter, crumpled it. "I'll see to that incinerator first thing in the morning. Burn all the rubbish."

"Um-hm," she murmured gently.

"That's a good idea."

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Isabella of France: Known as the she-wolf

Continued from page 18

AS she had been successful in hoodwinking her husband, she now achieved the same object with her son, who was manoeuvred unknowingly into being a traitor to his own father.

At first her brother supported her, too, in what he considered was her exile from a cruel husband, but sincere and pathetic letters from Edward, who by now was for the first time well aware of his wife's disposition and intentions, eventually won Charles' support for the injured husband.

King Charles' efforts to persuade his sister to leave his Court were strengthened by the intervention of the Pope, whose realisation of the scandal of the Queen's life and her plot against her husband led him to order the King of France, under the penalty of excommunication, to dismiss her and her son from his dominions.

Isabella received the resulting order with some trepidation, but she had gone too far in her plot to withdraw, so she quitted Paris with Edward and Mortimer, and travelled to British territories in France, where her beauty and deceptive charm won her misguided support from several noble knights.

With the force thus obtained she embarked for England, where she was joined by contingents of the revolutionary barons.

When Edward heard of the landing he was paralysed with fear and shut himself up with one of the De Spencers in the castle at Bristol, which the Queen and her party were then besieging.

The whole country seemed quickly to come to the support of the undeserving Queen against the unpopular but harmless King, and Edward accepted the inevitable.

He was captured, his supporter De Spencer put to death, and Edward's abdication in favor of his son arranged, to the music of Isabella's hypocritical tears.

Following his abdication Edward was kept a prisoner for two years, during which he continually wrote

unsuccessful letters begging to be allowed to see his faithless spouse and his son.

Isabella, in continuation of her policy of hypocrisy, sent the King gifts and messages, but kept well out of his way.

After two years a public movement was reported to be afoot for Edward's deliverance, so his brutal attendants received the Queen's mandate for his murder.

This was carried out with unmentionable acts of brutality, and it is reported that his cries could be heard

• Although no complete biography of Isabella of France has ever been written, more details of her life can be found in "The Lives of the Queens of England" (Vol. I), by Agnes Strickland, and in "The Kings of Merry England," by Philip Lindsay.

at a considerable distance from the castle.

One historian relates:

"Many a one awoke and prayed to God for the harmless soul which that night was departing in torture."

In death Edward was triumphant against the plottings of his wife, for his death turned the tide of public opinion against her.

Isabella tried to quiet the storm of public indignation against her and Mortimer by the marriage celebrations of her son and Philippa of Hainault, whom she had chosen to be his queen.

However, its celebration did nothing to ease the revulsion against the once popular Isabella, and only the despotism she had succeeded in establishing enabled her to retain her unshared power.

Further offence was given by her treaty with Scotland, by which she bartered for £20,000 the claims of England, and handed the money over to Mortimer.

The barbarism of the King's death, Isabella's seizure of power, Mortimer's insolence all quickly resulted in her former allies, the barons, turning against her.

Without their support, her downfall was not far off.

Her son, now Edward III, went to France to claim the sovereignty of that country, which had been left without an heir on the death of Charles le Bel.

Edward was horrified by what he learned in France of his mother's character.

Stories of her treachery to his father, of her liaison with Mortimer, and of the murders she had engineered, which had been kept from him in his own Court, were told him there.

Not long afterwards the young King, now emancipated by his knowledge of the truth, came at night with his guards to Nottingham Castle, where his mother and Mortimer were living, and seized the Queen's favorite.

"Fair son, have mercy on the gentle Mortimer," the Queen called out in frenzy as he was led away.

But there was no mercy for Mortimer.

He was taken to London, and, amid the jubilation of the population, was put to death—the first man to be executed at Tyburn.

Isabella was never publicly accused of all the crimes of which she had been the instigator.

Edward attributed all her deeds to the influence of Mortimer, and, though stripping her of her dower, gave her a comfortable living allowance and the Castle Rising in Norfolk as her home.

With the influence of Mortimer removed she gave no more trouble, but from the age of 36 to 63 lived an apparently blameless life in a peace won for her only by the nobility of her son.

Edward visited her two or three times a year until she died in 1358.

In death she maintained her hypocrisy, for she was buried, at her own request, with the heart of Edward II, her murdered husband, on her breast.

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WORTH Reporting

FATHER of a family of scholars, a Victorian State school headmaster, of Fitzroy, recently took out his B.A. degree at Melbourne University in company with his son.

The father is Mr. Frank Hebbard, who actually qualified for his degree 36 years ago, but never bothered to have it conferred until now. His son, Dale, youngest of the three brilliant Hebbard children, is still a resident at Trinity College, Melbourne University, and hopes to be a B.A., B.Sc. at the end of this year.

All children were originally State school pupils who have climbed to the top of the educational tree by winning scholarships. They went through Melbourne University on junior, senior, and resident scholarships.

At present Pam, the eldest, is at the Sorbonne, Paris, doing a thesis for her Doctor of Philosophy degree. She is married to Dr. W. Gardner Davies, an ex-Melbourne University man, and both she and her husband have travelled abroad on Molison Travelling Scholarships won here in successive years. Dr. Davies is attached to the Australian Embassy.

Mr. Hebbard's second daughter, Honor, an M.Sc., is married to Dr. Frank Cowley, who is at Oxford on a National Government Scholarship from Canberra. They live with their small son in a flat at the Manchester College residence.

Dale hopes later to do research in mathematical spheres.

To help meet their expenses while university students, all three Hebbards took jobs between terms. Pam and Honor went fruit picking, and Dale works in vacations as a salesman at a sock counter of a city store.

Suburban gardener grows cotton

WHEN Mrs. Nina O'Sullivan, of Kurnell, N.S.W., visited us, she opened her handbag and produced a soft white clump of cotton balls and seeds which she had grown in the sand of her coastal garden.

She presented us with eight seeds, told us to plant them in November, and expect pink and white cotton flowers ("like Shirley poppies") in early March.

Green-fingered Mrs. O'Sullivan is keenly interested in the success of the United Nations Plant and Food Section, and felt that by experimenting with the coastal growing of cotton, peanuts, and tobacco, she would be doing a little to help.

Kurnell, she said, grows anything except tobacco, but cotton-growing would not be profitable for private gardeners because of labor problems and the lack of industrial machinery.

Mrs. O'Sullivan has used the cotton she grows to fill cushions. "They are just like down pillows," she said.

Middle-aged and energetic, she has grown papaws in Wollongong, N.S.W., and her pet scheme is the development of the N.S.W. side of the Murray River for cotton, citrus fruits, and vegetables.



"He's been in there all the afternoon going 'Boing! Sprong!' It's something he picked up on the radio, I guess!"

Piano Scholarship of £200

WHEN the first City of Sydney Eisteddfod was held in 1933 the 80 sections attracted 380 competitors. The programme for the 1950 Eisteddfod, which begins on September 18, lists 380 separate sections, and Miss M. Gunn, the organising secretary, expects anything from five thousand to eighteen thousand entries from all States and New Zealand.

The Australian Women's Weekly will again award its £200 Piano Scholarship, open to Australian and New Zealand-born men and women under 23 years. Dr. Edgar Bainton, former Director of the State Conservatorium of Music, will adjudicate.

The first prize will be £150 and the second prize of £50 will be awarded to the competitor gaining the highest marks, who lives and has been taught outside the capital cities.

The test pieces will be Schumann's Sonata in G Minor, Op. 22, First Movement, and the competitor's own choice, with a time limit of seven minutes.

All particulars may be obtained from the Organising Secretary, City of Sydney Eisteddfod, 148 Phillip St., Sydney.

Eisteddfod winners who have made names for themselves are Kathleen Gorham, now dancing leading roles in the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company; Valda Aveling, winner of the 1935 Australian Women's Weekly Scholarship; Sumner Locke-Elliott, now a successful New York television playwright; and Joy Nichols, youngest variety star of the B.B.C.

AN opening for someone? In a Lyons newspaper, "La République," the following advertisement appeared: "Wanted. Young man to open oysters without supervision. Must have impeccable references."

The doe-eyed make-up isn't so new

THERE'S been a lot of talk about the new doe-eyed make-up, and we would have left it at that if we hadn't seen a book called "Women of Pakistan," which shows that the idea is very old indeed.

Says the book: "Eyes are made dark and bright by the use of surma, a preparation of antimony which has been used since time immemorial. A silver or golden slide is dipped into the powder and passed along the rims lightly but firmly. This cleanses the eyes and darkens the rims. The eyes appear large, luminous, and shapely."

This surma make-up was tried out on an Australian girl we know who works for the Pakistan Trade Commission. Doe eyes, she relates, have nothing on surma.

"Get your man" classes held by psychologist

DR. FREDERICK J. BAILEY, of Boston, U.S.A., is a psychologist who holds classes for marriage seekers. He claims that any girl who follows this list of simple rules can get the man of her choice to propose to her within a few weeks, with every chance of leading him to the altar within three months.

These are his eight rules: Don't wait for a man to come to you. Find some proper and conventional method of getting acquainted and then tactfully contrive to make dates with him.

Mother him. Show concern for him and his health. Show him you need him. Men are tired of self-sufficient women. Be natural.

Look up to him, and praise him. Don't try to make him jealous by talking about other men, real or imaginary. Be well-groomed, yet let him see a smudge on your nose once in a while.

Without cheapening yourself in any way, or doing anything that might make him lose his respect for you, introduce some situation that will reveal to him how much you really mean to him, and thus make him propose.

The suggested "situation" is for the girl to say that she will soon be moving to another town.

From a recent class of 45 women—Dr. Bailey accepts as pupils only those who are over 25 years of age—27 were married or engaged within two months, five others had regular dates, and only three hadn't managed to get any dates at all.

MAKING a picnic of the weekend chores was the happy idea of two men seen by our Melbourne correspondent who camped on the same site recently. Drivers of two cars packed with their families drew up with a flourish on a nice grassy slope. First came out the picnic hampers, then followed buckets and mops. While wives unpacked luncheon with the ecstatic help of children, husbands rolled up sleeves and set to work to clean and polish their cars.

Taught 10,000 pupils to play bridge

GUIDE and mentor of earnest contract bridge players in Sydney is Mrs. J. B. Fielder, who, in 20 years of teaching the game, has initiated 10,000 beginners into its mysteries.

Her influence extends even beyond the long list of her own pupils, as it is rare that at a bridge game in homes or clubs the name of Mrs. Fielder is not mentioned in support of some fine point.

Many of her present pupils are the children of those she taught 20 years ago, and, in at least two cases, she can count three generations among her pupils.

For five days a week, 50 weeks a year, Mrs. Fielder conducts two sessions of bridge at a city store. At night she frequently gives lessons in private homes to men who can't get away to attend day lessons, or to mothers of young families.

When she has some spare time she plays bridge, or sometimes now canasta, the new Argentinian game. "Canasta," she said, "is a fascinating game which can be learned by anyone from 10 to 90."

"I think it will be coupled with solo as a game which through the years will have recurrent phases of popularity, but no other game will ever supplant contract bridge."

Mrs. Fielder, herself the mother of a grown-up family, and a grandmother, prescribes bridge playing as a recipe for a happy marriage.

"I have seen more than one marriage, failing for lack of common interest, being saved when the couple take up bridge together," she said.



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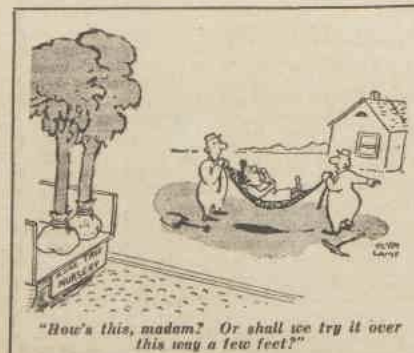
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—The Australian Monthly—has them in detail. 1/- a copy everywhere.



"How's this, madam? Or shall we try it over this way a few feet?"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 27, 1950

Engine driver's unique work on eucalypts

Success in gum-tree painting inspires him to begin new work on wildflowers

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

A Victorian engine driver, Stan Kelly, of Ararat, who put gum trees on the map at home and abroad by painting brilliant close-ups of them, is now building a collection of wildflower studies, hoping to have them published in book form.

He has already published a deluxe volume, "Forty Eucalypts in Color," which is delightedly described by naturalists as the first attempt for 50 years at systematically setting out the nation's most important group of plants.

THE superbly painted studies include many members of the gumtree family which have never been illustrated before. Already inquiries have come from America for seeds of eucalypts featured in the book.

Some studies have taken up to two years to complete.

With his comprehensive know-your-gumtree-at-a-glance objective, Stan Kelly's paintings include leaves, buds, flowers, and fruit—better known as gumnuts.

"In some cases I started with leaves and fruit, and then had to wait up to 18 months for further specimens when trees blossomed to complete the picture," he explains.

In compiling the collection, although Mr. Kelly had specimens flown to him from many parts of Australia, most of his studies came from the property of Mr. Garnie Hately, of "Hillside," Bell Ellen, about 30 miles from Ararat.

"Hillside" is a happy hunting ground for field naturalists. During the past 20 years Mr. Hately has successfully grown about 130 species of eucalypts from far-flung parts of the Commonwealth.

"He has the most marvellous knowledge of them. Can ring off their botanical names and history in a flash," enthuses big, genial Arthur Hargreaves, who drives the Adelaide Overland Express between Ararat and Melbourne.

"Tree-happy"

ARTHUR, who also has a show garden of native trees and shrubs, was the man who first talked Stan Kelly into becoming a field naturalist.

Absolutely "tree-happy" himself, he lamented that Stan's ability as an artist was being "wasted" as the town's caricaturist and desultory painter of pretty flowers.

"I switched him to eucalypts by getting him to join the Field Naturalists about four years ago," confides Arthur with a grin.

"Then wherever I went I took along a bundle of his gum drawings and showed them to people.

"I didn't know how they stood from the point of view of art, but I did know they were the real thing in true likeness."

Chance showing of a group of water-colours by Mr. Hargreaves to a brother-in-law, in Sydney, last year led to the studies being snapped up by a leading publishing firm, who made Mr. Kelly an immediate offer.

A completely self-taught artist, Mr. Kelly says he first got the idea of concentrating on painting a comprehensive collection of eucalypts when he was captivated by the study of gums after reading books lent by Arthur Hargreaves.

"But none had much to show in the way of illustrations," he says.

"When I noticed that illustrations in one book were supplied by the American Bureau of Forestry, I thought it was time to do something about it.

"Australia has over 500 varieties



"TREE-HAPPY" COLLEAGUE. Mr. Arthur Hargreaves, of Ararat, presses just-collected specimens from Mr. Garnie Hately's property at Bell Ellen. Mr. Hargreaves interested Stan Kelly in study of eucalypts.



SKETCHING-BLOCK and paints have priority on dining-table when Stan Kelly and son Anthony are in the mood to paint. Anthony prefers sketching aeroplanes to eucalypts. Mrs. Kelly and four-year-old Sherry are spectators.

of gums, and it seemed to me an Australian should get down to the job of publishing them.

"Few Australians know anything about eucalypts apart from the gums that grow in their own localities.

"Even these are just taken for granted most of the time."

Mr. Kelly proudly explains that the United States now has 10,000 miles of Australian gum-tree plantations in California, as ornamental wind-breaks, and that Italy's

Pontine Marshes were rid of fever by blue gums, which grew from seeds sent by Archbishop Goold, of Melbourne, in 1869.

In India, Australian eucalypts are known as fever trees because of the valuable work performed by thirsty blue gums in draining swamp areas.

"Once Stan starts talking about eucalypts there's no stopping him," laughs his pretty fair-haired wife.

She admits she is resigned to being a "tree widow."



FLOWERING GUM is brought home by Stan Kelly as a specimen for his painting after a 60-mile run to Horsham as engine driver.

Family routine has to take second place when her husband arrives home with specimens.

Sketching-block and paints have priority on the dining-room table then, because Mr. Kelly has to complete painting before specimens wilt.

As an engine driver he works in three shifts—one week from midnight until 8 a.m., the next 8 a.m. until 4 p.m., and the third from 4 p.m. until midnight.

"Well-known Sydney artists just couldn't believe that the hands that so unerringly painted those eucalypt studies also shovelled coal," Arthur Hargreaves confides with a beaming smile.

"But Stan Kelly has his head screwed on the right way.

"He'll never let his success interfere with his job.

"As a driver he's got an assured living, superannuation benefits, and a fair amount of leisure time to paint.

"This is more than a lot of top-ranking artists have got," Mr. Hargreaves sagely reasons.

Stan Kelly has been with the Victorian Railways for about 14 years.

He began as a cleaner after a fruitless job hunt in the depression.

At school he always topped his class at drawing. But his talent also put him in the black books. "He couldn't resist making under-the-desk caricatures of his teachers.

His recently published book—the limited first edition selling at four guineas a copy—is dedicated to his mother.

"She encouraged me to paint from childhood," he says. "Everything I did was good in Mum's eyes."

The Kellys' 11-year-old son Anthony is following in his father's footsteps as a budding artist.

Mrs. Kelly has her hands full with such a household.

Wife's help

SHE helped her husband to prepare his book, acting as secretary "deciphering" his hand-written notes which describe interesting points about eucalypts featured in the publication.

She says that her house-keeping budget also has to cope with airmail postage on specimens. This sometimes amounts to 10/- a week.

In sending thank-you notes and refunding postage to senders of specimens he particularly wants, Stan Kelly does an attractive sketch of the specimen he has received on the outside of the envelope as a gesture of appreciation.

Postal officials usually sympathetically stamp round the sketch.

The Victorian Railways Department, colleagues, and Ararat residents are elated by the nationwide recognition of Stan Kelly's work.

But townspeople still take a practical view of having a talented artist in their midst.

They seek him out as a handyman to paint flowers over cracked ornaments and turn old white bedroom jugs into attractive vases.

A GIRL, A BOY, AND A DIAMOND RING



FAMILY ALBUM STYLE proposal. Poor Wilfred imagines that he can pay Betty no greater compliment than kneeling as grandpa did to grandma. All he does is embarrass her and look silly.



ROMANCE GROWS COLD this time as Wilfred hunts in his wallet for Aunt Agatha's heirloom catseye to offer Betty if she accepts his proposal.

YOU can take the glow of romance off the most impassioned proposal if you make the mistakes shown in some of these pictures. An affected style of address or thoughtlessness in the matter of choosing the ring will spoil the occasion. Other pictures show the right way of managing so that the offer of heart, hand, and ring can be made and accepted in unclouded joy.

A diamond is the choice of most girls. Size of stone alone does not determine the value. First come cut, color (the stone should give off rainbow hues in certain lights), and perfection (no flaws or marks). Buy gems set in platinum, giving greater security and wear, even if ring-mount is gold.

To keep the engagement ring bright and sparkling, remove it when washing the hands, washing-up, or cooking.



"NO RINGS LIKE THAT NOW," says foolish Wilfred. Betty is heartbroken—she always dreamed of choosing her own engagement ring.



PROPOSAL, 1950 STYLE. To-morrow he'll take Betty to choose a ring, having previously told the jeweller how much he can afford to pay for it.



"OOH, THAT'S A BEAUTY!" This time it's Betty who's behaving badly. She should remember that if Wilfred were to buy her one like that he wouldn't be able to eat for at least a month.



TOGETHER THEY MAKE a choice. Wilfred feels on top of the world knowing that the rings shown will all be within his means. "Go on, choose any one you like from those," he says confidently. Betty hesitates, showing a pretty deference to his masculine taste and judgment.

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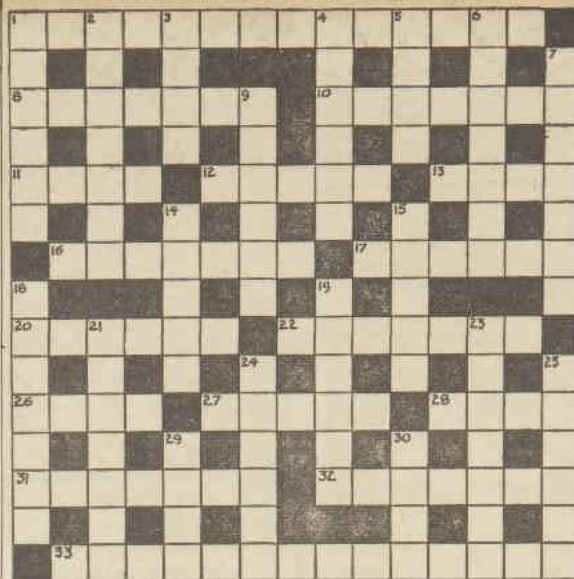
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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. Famous rodents greatly damaged by the spouse of an agriculturist (5, 6, 4).
2. Kind of lottery of a grave duck and the French (7).
3. Seemingly absurd statement of equality and a half a thousand bovine animal (7).
4. German river is backward sun-god (4).
5. Consent about to age (5).
6. Gory turned weapons (4).
7. Holy art and the French lake by surprise (7).
8. Unprepared school exercise, possibly about the world of spirits (6).
9. Permit Henry to cause death (8).
10. A blackguard starts a learned society (7).
11. Thou French be a hollow cylinder (4).
12. Silly (3).
13. Snare the reverse of which is some but not all (4).
14. Outshine one hundred organs in ease (5).
15. Vehicle farewells fifty light fast ship (7).
16. I leer to accords (Anagr., 5, 5).



Solution to last week's crossword

DOWN

1. Choice morsel of a small bird and a boring-peace of drill (6).
2. Addictive storm tumbler (7).
3. God of love is aggrieved when turned (4).
4. Relation who backs a writing implement with chop (6).
5. Only a French mother (4).
6. Can code be mixed so to give rhythm (7).
7. Pressing quandary one vulgar gentleman (7).
8. Heavenly beings (6).
9. Refined Chaldean city prohibition (5).
10. Positive pole is a poem (5).
11. Slice unsteadily when giving instruction to cut her into strips (7).
12. Picturesque in grouping (6).
13. Arranged in tables by disturbing a lubra after tea (7).
14. Part of Czechoslovakia (7).
15. Design in strong band of theme but not on (6).
16. Spacious small medicinal ball in steamship (6).
17. Colloquial flutter in enterprise, likely for brooding judging from the start (4).
18. It follows the king for coarse sandstone (4).

The Case of Come-Hither Bend

Continued from page 7

ATHOL shook his head. "I'm afraid not," he said. "It's not one of my little chores. I personally don't deal with Luxton. I get a little milk when I want it at the Druitts."

Grogan thought: And come on Symonds for a drop at the week-ends, I'll lay a tanner! He said to Kenneth: "Now at 9.20, when you and Miss Rowan left the store—"

It seemed to Elizabeth, as it went on and on, that everyone was visibly sagging, all except the inspector and the sergeant, who stayed as plumply erect and fresh as ever.

She could see the pallor growing in Bridget's face, deeper lines coming on Kenneth's wood-brown skin, Nancy's hair getting damp and stringy, though the night wasn't really hot now.

She shivered as a fearful weariness came over her, longing for the questioning to be done with, to get back to her room alone and to be asleep. It seemed a thousand years since she had woken this morning.

A good deal later that night, in the police car, Manning said to Grogan: "About why they didn't shoot her the first time when they were getting the letters. I don't reckon it was just what you said to-night at Symonds—that they didn't notice the wet gum right away in the bedroom?"

"You don't?"

"No. My guess is, she wasn't on the premises to get shot."

"Oh? Where was she then?"

"Well, the old girl, Thomas, left Symonds' house at 8.30. How do we know Mrs. D. didn't go up there to see her?"

"What for?"

"Say she'd discovered the letters were from her, threatening the niece or something? Mrs. Druitt wanted her money, didn't she?"

"Too right! With Druitt nagging her."

"Well, now at last p'raps she knows how to get it. By a little bit of blackmail on the kid's aunt. It's a family affair, it's up to the old girl to pay."

"Look, Les, you can't have it both ways."

"Eh?"

"Thomas couldn't be pinching the envelope in Mrs. Druitt's bedroom while she's talking to her up at her own house?"

"That's right . . . But what's to stop her tipping the wink to Harry to slip up to the store and get it while she keeps Mrs. D. talking?"

Grogan nodded slowly. "You might have something there, old son."

"Then," Manning added, "when Harry and Thomas talk it over after Mrs. D's gone, one of 'em follows her and shoots her. Everyone in and out of the store knows Druitt leaves his gun lying around."

Please turn to page 37

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PILLOW CASES**
EVERY INCH AUSTRALIAN

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 27, 1950

Dress Sense by Betty Keep

CASUAL, simple, and slim is the formula for the 1950 basic one-piece, and I have had a wool dress designed featuring these points.

Simple one-piece

"WOULD you please design a style for a woollen frock? I want just a neat, simple style to wear under a winter topcoat, and then later for a while without a coat in the first chilly days of spring."

I have illustrated the design for your wool dress. It is casual and slim, based on the American shirtwaist dress style. The dropped shoulder seams are current fashion details. The skirt is narrow with a rounded easy fit created by side trouser pleats. The white pique collar and cuffs are removable.

Strapless lingerie

"PLEASE give me some advance fashion advice. Next spring I am being married, and as I am busy making my underwear I thought you might give me suggestions for the newest styles and colors."

Straplessness makes news in 1950 spring lingerie. The trend is seen in nightgowns, petticoats, slips, and camisoles. Comfort is a point to consider in this type of styling, and the most satisfactory method to ensure comfort is a ribbon drawstring or elastic banding—both can be combined successfully.

Biggest color news is the increased interest in bright colors such as red and green to wear under navy or black. Popular pastels are coral, toast, grey, maize, mauve, and pink. Another new lingerie fashion is the chemise or short slip, excellent for a suit or for a dress with one of the new short narrow skirts.

Beware of big checks

"FOR my winter coat I fancy one of the large check materials the shops are showing. The problem is my overcoat must last for at least three seasons, and I wonder if it



TOPCOAT of blanket cloth is made on modified tent lines and is smart and snug.

would go out of date; also, what are newest shades for coats?"

Apart from whether the coat would be outmoded, I doubt if you would want to wear large checks for more than one season. My advice is a plain color, or a small neat check. If you are really keen on checks, there is

nothing wrong with a pin check, or a houndstooth check. The popular combinations are navy and white, brown and white, black and white. If you choose a solid color, I personally have a preference for steel-grey or caramel-beige. Both are well in the fashion picture.

The blues have it

"I AM very fond of all shades of blue, but my girl-friend tells me blue is out of fashion, and I should wear something different."

It is always advisable to have a change of color, but your friend is quite wrong about blue being "out." In the latest Paris dress collections it is featured in all shades. Dior favors sky-blue, a porcelain shade has been launched by Paquin, a light sapphire by Fath, and a Chinese-blue by Balmain.

Little-boy look

"I AM in my teens and very interested in dressing to suit my style. I have very short hair, and as I am rather boyish looking I wondered if I should follow the 'little-boy look' I recently saw written up in a local paper."

I like the "boy look" very much. If it suits your type, certainly follow the theme, but don't overdo it. Men don't like masculine fashions, and I think most girls and women dress for men. The little "white-collar dress" is a good example to follow because it can be soft and pretty, without being ultra.

Flannel for spring

"I HAVE a nice piece of soft grey flannel and wondered if it would be correct to make up for a spring suit. I wear mostly tailored clothes, as I am a rather tailored type of person. Please give me your opinion."

A soft flannel classic suit is a spring annual and always excellent fashion. Typical of 1950 detail given to classic suits is the slightly shorter jacket, narrow skirt line, and lower cut revers.

For country holiday

"MY annual leave in the country is due soon, and as I am planning to buy one good outfit perhaps you would be kind enough to suggest something quite smart. I am 18 years old. My measurements are bust 34, waist 26, hips 37."

I advise a double-purpose outfit which consists of three pieces—slacks, jacket, and skirt. You wear the jacket with the slacks or the skirt. The three garments can be in one material, or you might introduce a plaid or a check. For instance, navy-blue wool gabardine slacks could be matched to a jacket plus a knife-pleated skirt in bright plaid. Have the jacket short and snugly fitted, its collar trimmed with narrow braid in the most predominating color of the plaid.

Three-way suit

"PLEASE advise me how to have six yards of 54-in. wool made up for winter. Would a dress and matching coat be fashionable or would you advise a dress and jacket? I want something practical and lasting, as I am not able to afford a lot of fancy clothes."

Have you ever thought of having a suit that can be split into three—a soft wool suit with a blouse in the same wool, the blouse and skirt together making a dress? An ensemble of this type would be perfectly right for nine occasions out of ten.



A CASUAL, slim-fitting one-piece woollen frock made in the American shirtwaist style.

V-neckline suit

"THE tailored winter coat and skirt I am having made has the jacket fastened with one button. The material is men's wear grey worsted. Please advise me about fashionable details."

A deepened V-neckline, narrow lapels with low notches, a straight hipline, and slim skirt are the newest style details for a classic one-button suit.

Pink is becoming

"YOUR advice about the color for a new frock would be welcome. I have never worn pink, but feel I would like to wear it this season. My skin is a trifle sallow, eyes brown, hair rather mousey. Do you think I would be able to wear pink without looking too pale?"

If you are careful to select just the right shade, you will find pink extremely becoming. You could either wear a pale shade (like a foundation cream) or a suntan-pink. Avoid shocking pink, bois-de-rose, and a candy shade.

Fitting bolero

"I HAVE had a velvet frock, street length, with a bare bodice top, made for when my boy-friend takes me out at night. I wear the frock under a black coat. The dress is bright navy blue, but it doesn't seem to look right. I wondered if it would look better with another color."

The color combination is not at fault. Blue and black is a very chic winter combination. What the dress needs is a matching bolero to transform it into a more complete ensemble. Have the bolero close-fitting and reaching just to the waistline, buttoned with self buttons to a round, soft collar.

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

WEDDING BELLES
BY

Cashmere Bouquet



There's never been a lovelier bride than Mrs. Frank Brooks—Margo Lee, the famous "Golden Girl". The secret of the warm perfection of Margo's skin is the final touch of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. Cashmere Bouquet will give you, too, that dewy-fresh "bridal loveliness!"

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36 Complete Knitting Designs

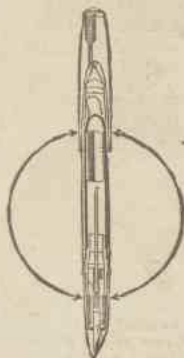
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HT 5

GEORGE WASHINGTON



who (so they say),
Could never tell a lie,
Was in the ladder feeling gay,
With cake and apple-pie.
"What have you taken?" asked his dad;
"You'll tell the truth, I'm sure!"
"I took," replied the famous lad,
"Some Woods' Great Pepper-
mint Cure."

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, with lovely **PRINCESS NARDA:** Crash land in the Kingdom of Marvel when flying over mountains. They see a weird battle between a bush and a machine. Sheltering from a

machine in a cave, they meet a hermit. The hermit says that the kingdom is divided into two States—Flora and Mechana—always at war with one another. The trio decide to visit Flora, and while walking near huge puffballs Lothar is overcome with poisonous gas. **NOW READ ON:**



SUDDENLY, A MAN RUSHES OUT OF THE BUSHES TOWARDS LOTHAR...



THE MAN DRAGS LOTHAR AWAY FROM THE POISONOUS PUFF BALL TO ANOTHER PLANT WHICH HE PLACES OVER LOTHAR'S FACE! MANDRAKE WATCHES AMAZED! "AN OXYGEN-PRODUCING PLANT—HE'S SAVING LOTHAR'S LIFE!" LOTHAR INHALES DEEPLY—



"ME OKAY NOW," SAYS LOTHAR. "—YOU HAD A CLOSE SHAVE," ADDS MANDRAKE. "IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THIS MAN—" THE STRANGER NODS. "WE HAVE MANY TYPES OF PLANTS GUARDING OUR BORDERS. THESE POISON GAS PUFF BALLS ARE MOST EFFECTIVE—EXCEPT AGAINST MACHINES."



"I AM SORRY THIS HAPPENED. YOU ARE FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD," ADDS THE MAN. "WE ARE FRIENDLY HERE IN FLORA, EXCEPT TO THE MEN OF MECHANA, WHO ARE ALWAYS TRYING TO DESTROY US WITH THEIR MACHINES."



"WE ARE CURIOUS TO SEE YOUR CITY OF FLORA," SAYS MANDRAKE. "YES, OUR RULERS HAVE ASKED THAT YOU BE BROUGHT TO SEE THEM," REPLIES THE MAN, PLANTING A LARGE SEED. "WE WILL TAKE A PLANT TRAIN." "WHAT ON EARTH IS A PLANT TRAIN?" ASKS NARDA.



THE FLORIAN PLANTS A LARGE SEED. ALMOST INSTANTLY, A SMALL PLANT BURSTS FROM THE SOIL. AS MANDRAKE, NARDA AND LOTHAR STARE IN AMAZEMENT.



"THIS," ANNOUNCES THE FLORIAN, "IS A PLANT TRAIN. IT IS A VINE THAT MOVES RAPIDLY ACROSS THE GROUND—"



"IT'S LIKE A LARGE CREEPING VINE," EXCLAIMS MANDRAKE. "BUT IT DOESN'T CREEP! IT GROWS SO FAST, IT RACES!" "THIS IS AN EARLY TYPE," EXPLAINS THE FLORIAN. "IT ONLY GROWS FORTY MILES AN HOUR."



TO BE CONTINUED

GROGAN didn't speak for a minute. Then he came back, but to another line: "What about that white mac in Druitt's hall?"

"I put Ernie on to it."

"Symonds did a bit of hard thinking, didn't he, before he gave a reason why he put his milk bottle on the gate post?"

"Symonds?"

"Yes. He must've wakened up to McGrath's carrying on with Fashaw, prancing in and out of his office, and kidding him up to her flat."

"Some blokes never wake up."

"He's not one of those, is he? Nobody's fool. He'd been to America and come back meaning to marry her, and yet he tries to make out he never objected to her behaviour, by word or letter."

Manning thought it over.

Before he could pronounce on it Grogan was off on another tack: "That tin of English cigarettes McGrath had in her bag when her body was found. It had Druitt's prints on it."

"Go on!"

"Oh, yes. Say she stopped off at the store on Friday night. The store's shut, but Druitt's at the back, waiting for Connell, and Mrs. Druitt's playing cards at the Luxtons! Druitt takes the opportunity to talk about that seventy-eight quid she owes him. The talk gets hot, he loses his temper, and does her in. Eh?" He looked across at Manning.

Manning shook his head slowly. He said: "Why couldn't she have got that tin of cigarettes the last time she was up visiting her auntie?"

"That's right," Grogan heaved a sigh. "It's a cow, all right."

Next morning at about nine o'clock Grogan and Manning were walking slowly on either side of the sandy path at Lyndhurst, eyes downcast like pious monks.

At this hour the house looked deserted, with shutters hanging loose like half-open eyes. Only once Vio's face had peered out of one of the windows, and almost at once had disappeared. She hadn't asked the detectives what they were looking for, and inside all was quiet. There was no sign at all of Harry.

At the corner of the house the path meandered to the left, going under the windows to a back door into the kitchen. Outside the sitting-room window clustered guelder-roses and high pampas, and on the other side of the path was a bed of sorts that had been dug not long ago.

Grogan pulled up short and crouched down.

"There's footsteps here," he said. "One, anyhow. Facing the window. Must've stepped backwards—felt the soft earth and stepped on to the path again. Didn't notice the bed, maybe . . . might've been dark."

MANNING looked down at the footprint, and then, in injured fashion, at Grogan's glossy black head.

"What's the idea? You said the deceased was wearing welts with a missing protector."

"I know, I know. This is about a number three, with a high heel—a neat little foot?"

He picked out of the foot's impression a piece of one of the violet leaves that grew in the border. It was still fresh, unshrivelled by sun or wind. He twirled it between his fingers . . .

Last night up at Symonds', Mrs. Connell, now—she'd been wearing a black dress and gold sandals with low heels. Nancy—brown leather walkers. The old girl inside here—she'd take at least two sizes bigger than this one. This print belonged to the Rowan girl. She'd stood here not later than last night when she'd been wearing, he remembered, a high-heeled court.

He said: "Wouldn't do any harm to find out what Rowan was doing messing about the garden in the dark last night."

They retraced their steps down

The Case of Come-Hither Bend

Continued from page 34

the path, and went along the road to the Connells'.

They went up the steps at the side, on to the verandah. There was no one about, but breakfast had been eaten here recently. The chairs stood awry as they'd been pushed back, and cups and plates littered the table.

Hadn't been a very enjoyable breakfast, Grogan noted. On one plate was an omelet broken with the fork and pushed aside, and across the table on another plate was an untouched triangle of toast in a pool of honey.

He knocked at the door. No one answered at first. He knocked again.

Then Elizabeth came along the hall from her studio wearing a paint-daubed overall. She stood in the sitting-room looking at the two men with a lifeless face.

They came in and stood in the middle of the carpet. She didn't advance a step till Grogan said in that cordial, almost casual, voice of his: "Miss Rowan, last night—what were you doing up at Miss Thomas' place?"

Then she took a quick step forward, her face flushing.

"What?" she said, clearly to gain time.

"You never admitted when you stated your movements that you went up there during the evening."

"Who said I went there?"

"Never mind that. You went round the house and stood under her sitting-room window listening to something that was going on inside."

With a warding-off movement she put a hand up over her eyes and under the rumple of soft hair on her forehead. Did she have to admit this? Who had seen her? Was there nothing that she could keep hidden, thrust back into the darkness of her own mind?

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Please turn to page 38



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Do you feel listless, tired-out, nervy, irritable? Then take care! Nature is warning you that your energy is low—that your capacity for enjoyment and work is impaired—that you are running a serious risk of illness. Vigorous health is dependent on an adequate supply of organic phosphorus and protein to the blood and nervous systems. Unique 'Sanatogen' supplies this phosphorus and protein in a form the body can readily absorb. If Nature is warning you—then start a course of 'Sanatogen'—the few shillings' cost is infinitesimal when balanced against the priceless value of good health to enjoy life.

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Drying begins to show first in
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See how best to help correct it!

From 25 on, the natural oil that keeps skin soft gradually decreases. Before 40, skin may lose as much as 20% of its own oil. But you can help offset this drying out—by giving your skin an oil specially suited to its needs. Pond's Dry Skin Cream—rich in lanolin, very like the oil of the skin itself. See its effects on your skin. Work it in thoroughly for night softening. Use it lightly for a smooth look under make-up. It brings your skin a softer, fresher, younger look immediately.

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Between Eyes, on Forehead—you hate to see tiny dry lines etch in.

To Smooth Down—Circle on Pond's lanolin-rich Dry Skin Cream with firm circles—up between eyes—out over eyebrows to temples.



Around Eyes—crow's feet develop in dry skin—skin takes on a crinkled look.

To Uncrinkle Dry Lines—Finger-tip Pond's Dry Skin Cream lightly round eyes. Leave this lanolin-rich cream on lids all night. A special emulsifier makes it extra softening.



First on your Cheeks—little flaky dry-skin patches can spoil make-up.

To Correct—Swirl on Pond's Dry Skin Cream nightly from chin-line up in front of ears. This lanolin-rich cream is homogenized to soak in better.



Under Lower Lip—you find little dry pucker begin to tighten.

To Relax—At bedtime, help soften this dry skin with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Smooth cream from centre of lip out and up to each corner.



Along Chin Line—you don't want matronly-looking sagging to start.

To Tone Up—Use thumb and finger of each hand to pinch along from point of chin to ears with softening lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream every night.

THE LADY DAPHNE STRAIGHT—charming English peeress says: "Pond's Dry Skin Cream is really remarkable—so very rich, yet very soft, too, and never sticky."



Start this truly remarkable correction of Dry Skin today!

"Soaping" dulls hair. Halo glorifies it!



Removes
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and scalp!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo clothes your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—America's favourite shampoo—to-day.

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Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

Embarrassing SKIN BLEMISHES quickly disappear!

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OF BANISHING ACNE AND OF RESTORING CLEAR,
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- 1 Before retiring, moisten a plug of cotton wool with Dermasan Skin Cleanser and apply liberally to the affected skin area. Massage into the skin with your fingers, leave for a few minutes, then wash off with warm water and dry gently.
- 2 Measure 30 drops of Dermasan Lotion into the palm of the hand (use rubber-capped dropper). Rub the lotion into the skin with fingers of other hand. When dry, a fine film of the mineral compounds will remain on the skin surface. Rub this into the skin—do not wash off.
- 3 In the morning wash skin carefully. Should the skin be excessively greasy, treat again with Dermasan Skin Cleanser. Continue treatment regularly until skin is clear of pimples or blackheads. Once skin is unblemished, further treatment is necessary only once or twice a week to maintain a consistently clear complexion.

Elderly people will find Dermasan a dependable treatment for wrinkles, dry or sagging skin.
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The complete treatment costs 13/6.

(10-2-49)

The Case of Come-Hither Bend

Continued from page 37

A CHILDISH impulse seized her to say no, flatly, even in the face of what the police knew. But the impulse didn't last. She looked up at him, nodding faintly.

"What time did you go there?" She thought back, forced to be exact. "At nine o'clock."

"Nine o'clock, eh? Just before you went to the store for the first time with Symonds, at 9.15?"

"Yes."

"What took you up to Miss Thomas?"

"It was an excuse. At half-past eight when she went home she forgot her bag. I didn't notice it till Harry had gone, and then I thought—I mean, I was looking for an excuse to get away and go up to the store for those letters. So I picked up the bag and said something about taking it back to her."

"So you went along to Lyndhurst. What happened there?"

"I... I didn't knock. The front of the house was dark. Miss Thomas and Harry always sit in the sitting-room at the side."

"So you went round the side and there you discovered she had a visitor." A shot in the dark, but it was a bull's eye he saw by the flicker of her glance.

"Yes." Under the window there... the long grass and the earthy smell... the sitting-room window wide open and the light flowing out, latched by creepers and bushes. As she had neared it Vio's voice had come out, high, quivering, so full of emotion that she had stopped dead, halted in her intention to call or reach up and tap.

"What were they saying?" Again she hesitated. He clearly knew that she had heard something, and her power to improvise had given out.

In a flat voice she repeated the words:

"She said, 'How can I help you?' It's no use your appealing to me. I've told you, you must get out of this as best you can. Go! Go! Leave the house this instant!"

There had been something indecent in hearing this outburst from Vio, whose well-bred reticence had always kept a shutter closed between her intimate feelings and the world. "Anything else?"

"I didn't hear any more. She

broke down and burst into tears then."

In her ears came again Vio's storm of passionate weeping, stabbing the night and the hushed garden.

"Didn't the other person speak?"

"No. I didn't stay any longer, anyhow. I crept round the house again, but before I got to the front I heard the front door open and bang and someone went out—down the path and out the gate."

Manning leant forward eagerly.

"Mrs. Druiitt, eh?"

"Mrs. Druiitt?" she repeated on a rising note of surprise—real surprise he saw: "Mrs. Druiitt? ... I don't know I didn't see who it was."

"You must have some idea."

"I haven't, not the smallest."

"Was it a man's step or a woman's?"

"I couldn't say. I was just too late. It was dark."

Manning turned away.

ELIZABETH saw the quick glint of annoyance in Manning's eyes. Last night, standing by the house there, she had felt as devoured by curiosity as she was at this minute and had been furious with herself that she hadn't had the courage to go closer and take one look, somehow, through that window into the room.

Now, how grateful she was that she hadn't done so!—didn't know—couldn't tell him.

Grogan kept at it a bit longer, probing around the incident, but she had told him all she knew, and presently Peter and Brigid came out of their room, Peter looking sour, and Brigid with a face, for once, coldly expressionless.

Peter took up hat and briefcase, nodded curtly to the detectives, and walked towards the door. There he paused and turned.

"I'd just like to mention, Inspector, that I shan't be back here till this affair's cleared up. I intend to stay in town."

"Go ahead, Mr. Connell. That's all right for us."

Please turn to page 40

RIVETS



HERCO the all purpose LOTION



for your hands

A generous application will keep your hands "evening soft" all day long. Housework, dishwashing, sorting all cause your hands to lose the natural oils that keep the skin soft, smooth and supple. They crack, become red, chapped, sore and lose their beauty. Replacement help is right at your finger tips when you use Herco, the all-purpose lotion, so very rich in Lanolin—the oil that is most like your own skin oil—and Olive Oil, acknowledged as the finest skin softener. You will feel the softening results every time you use satin-smooth Herco, and you will see your hands look fresher, smoother, younger.



ARE YOU SLOWLY POISONING YOURSELF?

Remove the Cause

WHEN waste matter is allowed to accumulate in the colon it has three effects. It weakens the muscular power of the body to remove it. It creates poisonous products which through the circulation reach every cell in the body. It forms a breeding-ground for germs by the millions. That is the reason high authority to-day regards constipation as primarily responsible for eighty-five cases in every hundred of serious illness. Wayward all over the world have made internal cleanness their slogan.

Coloseptic overcomes the possibility of Autointoxication—from the words auto (self), toxin (poison)—by inducing better internal cleanness.

Coloseptic is the product of intensive research to find a remedy which would combat constipation at its source, the colon.

A level teaspoonful in a glass of water morning or night, once or twice a week, is sufficient after regular relief is obtained.

COLOSEPTIC FOR BETTER INTERNAL CLEANNES

At all chemists and stores

RHEUMATISM AND NEURITIS PAINS

A fast acting internal medicine called SOMNID, recently developed by the Knoch Control Laboratory, is now bringing new hope, happiness and comfort to thousands of sufferers from the pains of Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, Myalgia and Lumbago. SOMNID dissolves in the small intestine, then its ingredients are absorbed into the blood and then into every part of the body. That's why it works so fast in halting 2 ways: 1. First dose starts cutting pain. 2. Helps Nature remove excess Uric Acid which often aggravates pain, stiffness and stilling muscles. 3. Helps you work and do 7 in 10 in greater comfort. Get SOMNID from your Chemist today. Quick satisfaction or money back guaranteed.

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Leathers never show their true beauty until they are polished and unless they are well polished before each wearing. Groom your leathers—shoes, belts, hand-bags and accessories with

KIWI
SHOE CREAM



Sold in 1/2, 1/4, 1/8, 1/16, 1/32, 1/64, 1/128, 1/256, 1/512, 1/1024, 1/2048, 1/4096, 1/8192, 1/16384, 1/32768, 1/65536, 1/131072, 1/262144, 1/524288, 1/1048576, 1/2097152, 1/4194304, 1/8388608, 1/16777216, 1/33554432, 1/67108864, 1/134217728, 1/268435456, 1/536870912, 1/1073741824, 1/2147483648, 1/4294967296, 1/8589934592, 1/17179869184, 1/34359738368, 1/68719476736, 1/137438953472, 1/274877906944, 1/549755813888, 1/1099511627776, 1/2199023255552, 1/4398046511104, 1/8796093022208, 1/17592186044416, 1/35184372088832, 1/70368744177664, 1/140737488355328, 1/281474976710656, 1/562949953421312, 1/1125899906842624, 1/2251799813685248, 1/4503599627370496, 1/9007199254740992, 1/18014398509481984, 1/36028797018963968, 1/72057594037927936, 1/144115188075855872, 1/288230376151711744, 1/576460752303423488, 1/1152921504606846976, 1/2305843009213693952, 1/4611686018427387904, 1/9223372036854775808, 1/18446744073709551616, 1/36893488147419103232, 1/73786976294838206464, 1/147573952589676412928, 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★ Here's how those wrinkles go . . .

Mrs. E. B. Paddington, has written a letter, which is of interest to all who suffer from unsightly ageing blotches, wrinkles, and crowfeet.

"I am writing to tell you what wonderful results I have had with Vel-Lure Wrinkle Cream. I have been using it for over four months, and can honestly say everyone is telling me how well my skin and face are looking. I can notice a vast difference in the wrinkles and my skin shows great improvement. I use it every night, as I thought I would write and tell you what it has done for me. People say I look years younger. I will always use Vel-Lure Wrinkle Cream now." Yours sincerely, Mrs. E. B.

VEL-LURE
active
WRINKLE CREAM
Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.
8/6 tube outside economy tube 4/6
except in Queensland

Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells How
To Use Home Remedy for Grey Hair.

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:—"Anyone can use this simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. The ingredients can be made up at any chemist's at very little cost. Just go to your chemist and ask him for Orlax Compound. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. Apply the Orlax Compound to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

PETER looked down his nose. You might have thought he was disappointed not to find opposition and have a chance to throw his weight about.

"I'm rather busy at the moment and I find it practically impossible to concentrate on the job when so much of my time is spent in this atmosphere." He threw a glance round that made his words seem to include the room.

Grogan said again: "Please yourself," and Peter went out and down to the garage.

A few minutes later Grogan and Manning went up the road again to Vio's. They knocked this time and Harry opened the door.

Harry was one of those people who never look the smallest bit different from day to day. Each morning he pulled on the same old grey flannel pants, the same old tweed coat for out-of-doors, the same old khaki shirt for in.

Seeing them he held the door wider and stood aside for them to come in.

"Do you want to see Miss Thomas?" he said. More a statement it was than a question, as though no one could ever want to see him. He led the way down the hall to the sitting-room and went and got Vio.

The moment she came in you could see she was braced for battle.

"You had a visitor last night, Miss Thomas," Grogan said.

"I beg your pardon?" The faded violet eyes stared at him widely.

Grogan said again: "Yes, somebody came here to see you. What did they want?" The moment the question slipped out he knew that by the "they" he had betrayed his ignorance of whether it was a man or a woman, and he swore inwardly at his own blunder.

Vio gave a small smile and lifted the head of a dead rose in a vase.

"No one came to see me," she said. "I'm afraid I don't know what you're talking about. Did we have any visitors, Harry, last night?"

Harry shook his head. "No, I don't remember any."

"No, we were quite alone."

Manning said: "Look, Miss Thomas, you'd better think again."

The Case of Come-Hither Bend

Continued from page 38

At nine o'clock last night, right here in this room, you had a row with someone and ordered them out of the room."

She said flatly: "No."

He walked over and stabbed the air in front of her with a pencil.

"I say yes, and I'll tell you who it was. It was Mrs. Druiitt. And I'll tell you what she came for—to blackmail you." The silver pencil flickered whitely, accenting each suggestion.

"No."

"Who was it then?"

"No one came."

"Who did you say to, 'Go, leave the house this minute?'"

She flushed, two spots of color appearing in her cheeks, and laughed on a high note.

"Oh dear, oh dear, this is quite funny. That was just a silly little tiff between Harry and me."

Grogan thought, she had a front all right! He had let her see they couldn't prove different, and did she know how to take advantage of it!

"You should really train your police spies to have better observation," she said. "Occasionally Harry gets an idea that he should finish his studies at the University and take up his profession. I am against it. In the world of tomorrow, I think he will be of more use keeping out of the struggle, growing food for his country."

Tenderly, she glanced across at Harry. Harry nodded, accepting this last one of her fantasies. It was always the world of to-morrow for him and Vio.

Grogan went off on a new tack: "Did you know your niece owed Druiitt money?"

"And if she did?"

"Seventy-eight pounds. Fooled Mrs. Druiitt into letting her have any amount of stuff on tick."

She blasted his crudeness with a stare. "And cannot a girl in my niece's position owe a shopkeeper a few pounds?"

"You ask the shopkeeper!" Manning sneered. "Druiitt told you different. He told Mrs. Druiitt what he thought of it, plenty of times."

and she came up here and passed it on. And why? Because she knew you were in no position to say no. I say that envelope of letters she had was from you. I say she'd opened it and knew what was in it."

Vio didn't concede him an inch. "A police fabrication," she threw back at him.

"Oh? Is it? Is it a police fabrication that on Friday morning you tried to raise a mortgage of a thousand pounds on this house?—to pay back the money you'd taken from your niece's estate. Your bookie got that nine hundred pounds of her bonds you sold. She never saw a penny of it."

VIO said with incredible loftiness: "I paid my book-maker with my own money. My niece spent hers I don't know how. But I have not the slightest doubt that your unsavory probing will uncover that." She stepped back a pace, but it soon appeared it wasn't a retreat but a preparation for a launched attack.

"In addition, I wish to state that I refuse to say one more word except in the presence of my lawyer. If you had a shred of evidence that Mrs. Druiitt visited me last night you would not be here questioning me about it. But you have none—and now Mrs. Druiitt is dead and you can get none!"

They could get none from her. They saw that all right. And Harry was only an echo, murmuring yes or no, and nodding his head in unquestioning agreement.

In Vio's presence, anyhow.

But a minute or so later, when they left the house, Harry came after them.

"Listen," he said, "there's—there's something I want to say to you."

"Fine," Grogan turned. If Harry

wanted to say something, he was all ears!

"You'd better lay off Miss Thomas. You've got nothing on her, anyhow. What's the idea of pestering her like this all the time?"

"Is that all you followed us up to say?"

"No, it isn't. I came to tell you something—about Enone. It wasn't her aunt that wanted to get rid of her. She wasn't in her way, but she was in somebody else's. She told me all about it."

"When?"

"On Friday morning." He nodded sagely, looking up and down the road as though to be quite sure that no one was listening.

"Last Friday, do you mean? The day she was killed?"

"Yes. I met her in town. I was just going to see a picture when I ran into her. She said, 'Come on, we'll have a cup of coffee.'"

"Were you and she friends?"

"Not particularly. No. Why? I'd known her, of course, ever since she was a kid. I never took much notice of her, though."

"I see. Just one of the family."

"Yes. She said, 'Hello, Harry, for goodness' sake put in half an hour with me before I go to lunch.' So we went into a shop and she told me all about it."

"What did she tell you?"

"About this row she'd had. She was hopping mad. They'd had a real show-down that very morning. About some bloke or other. Her saying that no one was going to put anything over on her and that she was going to come up to Come-hither Bend this week-end whatever they said."

Grogan asked casually, as though it hardly mattered: "Who was this other person?"

Harry shifted from foot to foot, looked down, kicked at a stone with the toe of his worn shoe.

Then he looked up swiftly. "It was Nancy Philligson."

Please turn to page 41

Good news for sufferers from

IRREGULARITY

Kellogg's nut-sweet All-Bran is a natural
Laxative, Health Food and Blood Tonic

Your health depends on what you eat every day. This natural, nut-sweet breakfast food stimulates and maintains daily regularity—as it builds you up! No medicines needed.

—the vital bulk that is so often cooked out of our modern foods. The smooth-acting bulk in Kellogg's All-Bran helps prepare internal waste for quick, easy and daily elimination.

Builds you UP

Kellogg's All-Bran is different from ordinary laxatives or purgatives in another way, too. It is an important source of Vitamin B₁ for the nerves, B₂ for the eyes, Calcium for the teeth, Phosphorus for the bones, and Niacin for the skin. That is why it helps to build you UP day by day as it relieves constipation. So change to Kellogg's All-Bran . . . effective, gentle, pleasant and safe.

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Just sprinkle Kellogg's All-Bran over your breakfast cereal. It has a tasty, toasted,

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Kellogg's All-Bran is a tonic for your blood—rich in iron. Richer than spinach, it helps keep your blood at its proper iron level. Dose away with "tired blood"—cleanses away blood impurities as it cleanses out internal impurities. The iron in Kellogg's All-Bran protects your skin from ugly pimples and blemishes.



AFTER this Harry couldn't be got to say any more, he couldn't get away quick enough, stammering and backing up the road, kicking up the dust and shaking his head.

The two detectives walked on through the hot dust.

"Two girls sharing a flat," Grogan mused. "Well, if they didn't scrap a bit they'd be hardly human. Who slacked on the housework—who monopolised the bathroom—who borrowed the other's nylons. But when a pair like that start in on who borrowed the other's bloke you certainly could expect the fur to fly."

"Question is, who was the bloke?"

"They might've both been after Fanshawe. McGrath was. No two ways about that. She'd set out on the warpath after him and quite likely the Phillipson girl had, too."

"She'd be a quiet worker. No one'd know who she was after. Different to McGrath. If it was Fanshawe, though, would Come-hither Bend be the natural place for either of 'em to come stalking him?"

"Connell, then."

"Any girl that could make head-way with him with that wife of his about! If they wanted to contact Connell they'd need to kid him at least a hundred miles from home."

"That's right. Symonds is a more likely guess. He likes 'em young, and he's just the type of bloke—got the looks, the income, the know-how—to catch 'em. It's three years since his first wife popped off, and—"

The inspector stopped in his walk and in his musing. Two figures had caught his eye on the hillside on his left. It was Boyd and Nancy Phillipson, and they were following the track that led up to the back of Symonds' property.

Grogan and Manning went down the avenue and across the courtyard to Athol's room to wait for them.

All was neat as a new pin in there. The breakfast china was washed and put back in place, the ashtrays were polished, cushions plumped up smoothly, a grouping of peaches and custard-apples lay on a bed of fresh vine leaves.

The Case of Come-Hither Bend

Continued from page 40

Manning's glance raked it all. "Pretty, isn't it?" he said. "Wonder where he keeps his sewing-basket."

Grogan sat down on the window-seat and opened the morning paper. Manning roamed idly till he came to the canvases stacked against the wall.

He didn't expect to be edified by this bloke's decadent art. And he wasn't. But he tilted the pictures forward one by one, giving each a mournful head-shake.

One he turned back to and looked at again. Then he drew it from the pile and held it out to Grogan.

"Recognise anything in that one?" Grogan lowered the paper and leant forward to look.

"Well . . . seeing it hasn't got a face I can't say I do."

"Face or no face, that's McGrath. That white coat with the gold pattern on it was hanging in her wardrobe when we went through the flat."

Grogan got up and peered at it closer. "Was it now? Wonder why he rubbed the face out."

"Wonder when he rubbed it out. First time we questioned him you'd have thought he hardly knew the kid was on the earth."

A step sounded on the verandah and Elizabeth appeared in the doorway.

Soon after the detectives had left she had walked across the line to get some fruit, and, as yesterday, something had drawn her to look in on Athol on her way home. Now, finding not Athol but the two detectives, she drew back a step.

"I'm sorry. I came—I thought Athol and Nancy were here."

She hesitated as to whether to go in or leave right away, but didn't have time to make up her mind, because Athol's and Nancy's footsteps sounded behind her, and they came across the courtyard.

Athol put an arm round her shoulder and propelled her into the studio.

"Hullo, Liz . . . Well, well, look who's here, too. Good morning. Good morning." Then, catching sight of the defaced picture in Manning's hand, his social chatter came

to a sudden halt, and his sallow face went a bit more sallow.

Manning said: "This was a portrait of Miss McGrath."

Athol pulled himself together. "How clever of you! I'd no idea I'd caught her elusive pose so successfully. Yes, I tried to paint poor little Enone."

"What'd you rub out the face for?"

"A fit of temperament one day. I wasn't satisfied with it and meant to tackle it again."

Manning looked from Athol to the portrait with the blank oval for a face. "Did she like you occupying this room?"

"I never asked her."

"She ever say anything about your having to leave when she married Symonds?"

"Never to me. Oh, no, no. I don't think such a thing was in her mind. Do you, Nancy?"

NANCY dropped on to the window-seat. "Never ask me what was in her mind."

Athol went over and took the picture from Manning's hand and put it back in the corner.

As he stood up again, his side-long glance sought Elizabeth's and held it for a moment with an odd, almost fierce, intensity.

She felt it seem to stab her, and in a flash a thought came to her: Here in this room, yesterday morning—his throwing doubt on Kenneth's movements on the night of the murder.

In telling her that, had Athol been involving her in a kind of bargain?—a tacit arrangement that if anything was brought up against him she would tell the police about Kenneth, in consideration of which he, Athol, would help to clear Ted with the same facts if Ted were further accused.

She wrenched her gaze away from him and hurried out stammering, "I won't wait now, Athol. I only looked in for a moment. I'm going back to work."

When she had gone, Grogan said, "Look, Miss Phillipson, what did you and Miss McGrath quarrel about on Friday morning?"

Nancy lifted her head and gave him a pained stare. "You're not going to ask me to remember that, are you? We often had a bit of a dust-up about this and that."

"Yes." He looked at her coolly. "Maybe I should have said, who did you quarrel about?"

"What's all this?"

"On Friday morning you and her had a set-to. The trouble was over a gentleman friend. Who was it?"

"Friday morning," she repeated. "Friday . . . You'll have to let me think."

Athol murmured: "At least it can't have been about me. All I ever aroused in women was a little tinkling laughter, never tears."

Grogan waited, unhurried. She brought her eyes back to him. "What if I can't remember?"

"Then I'll remember for you. It was about Symonds. You were trying to get him away from her. You'd fallen for him and were determined to cut her out, threatened her, and you warned her not to come up here this week-end."

"What did I threaten her with?"

"You best know that."

"And your idea is that she wouldn't take my little warning and came up here, and that I laid for her on the dark road? Because I couldn't get her from him any other way?" She looked at him with half a smile. "Go on, say yes—if that's what you mean."

"O.K. It wouldn't be the first time girls had come to blows over a man."

"Listen," she said, "you're miles wide of the mark. I didn't need to get rid of Enone on Friday night. I'd done that—quite finally—on Friday morning."

"What do you mean?"

"We hadn't broken the news to her, but that morning Kenneth and I got married."

Please turn to page 42

2 YEAR-OLD MUSICIAN



MAXWELL Cussen, of Armadale, Victoria, started picking out tunes on the piano when he was twelve months old. Now, at 2½, he shows definite talent and can play several quite difficult compositions. His mother says, "We started Maxwell on Vegemite when he was six months old and he has thrived on it ever since." Vegemite is the true yeast extract. It's nearly three times richer in vitamin B₁ than other similar extracts and Vegemite contains no starch. Ask for Vegemite—it's tastier and it's more economical.

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TEENA

By
HILDA
TERRY

GOSH, BUT IT'S DULL AROUND HERE WITHOUT THE BOYS... I'M GETTING PRETTY SICK OF MINGLING EXCLUSIVELY WITH GIRLS.

YOU CAN SLIP A SHEET OF CARBON UNDER THAT FOR ME, TOO!

WELL, OTHER BOYS GO ON HOSTEL TRIPS, BESIDES EDDIE AND BUGJUICE... LET'S US TAKE A TRIP!

HEY! HERE'S A STRING OF HOSTELS THAT ARE ONLY TEN MILES APART! THAT WOULD BE A NICE EASY TRIP!

YES, BUT WHAT KIND OF BOYS WOULD WE RUN INTO ON A NICE EASY TRIP?

TEENA'S RIGHT! WE OUGHTA PICK THE STIFFEST AND THE MOST RUGGED TRIP IN THE BOOK!!



The Case of Come-Hither Bend

Continued from page 41

ATHOL swung round, came back, and put a hand on her arm, smiled at her admiringly.

"Nice timing, pet! You and Kenneth, eh? Married! Congratulations." Grogan hadn't taken his eyes off her. "Sudden, wasn't it?"

"Very. A little persuasion from him on Thursday and the Registrar's on Friday. In that row Enone and I had at breakfast on Friday I did advise her to give up Kenneth. Why not? She had other interests. But she wouldn't. I rang him at six-thirty on Friday evening to make him promise to tell her about it the minute he saw her."

"You rang him?" Athol repeated. He'd forgotten to take the smile off his face and it looked stale. "You rang him at six-thirty?"

"Yes. He was inclined to panic but he said he would. That night when everything was quiet at the Connells' I slipped along to see if he'd kept his promise. But—" she shrugged. "He hadn't seen her. I wasn't surprised. I knew he wasn't keen on facing the music."

"No..." Grogan's tone was dry. A few minutes later as he and Manning walked back along the avenue to the gates he said: "I

wonder if it occurred to her that a hurried marriage can be a very wise precaution. That the law can't force a wife to give evidence against her husband."

When they reached the store they went in the back way. The front was still closed.

Inside, Druitt was sitting about with his head in his hands, or moving, heavy and damp, behind the C.I.B. men, asking them what they were doing this or that for. No fingerprints had been found on gun or window-ledge or wardrobe.

The sight of cigarettes and tobacco under the counter brought back to Grogan the train of thought that he and Manning had been following last night as to how Enone had come by the tin of fifty cigarettes with Druitt's fingerprints on it.

He looked at the tins and packets for a while, and then went to the telephone on the desk.

He dialled the dairy and spoke to Mrs. Luxton.

Druitt had said that his wife had played rummy there on the Friday night. Now just what time had Mrs.

Druitt got there and what time had she left? ... She had arrived at eight-thirty and left at eleven-thirty? That was so, was it ...

Now, during those three hours had Mrs. Druitt left the house for any length of time? ... She hadn't? That was certain, eh? ...

Mrs. Luxton was valuable at the other end, with every detail of that evening.

Mrs. Druitt had come in—a bit out of sorts she'd seemed—said she had a headache and had taken a couple of aspirins—thought she'd go home to bed, but they'd persuaded her to stay—had used the telephone—said something about wondering if Miss Thomas was at home.

It looked like she wasn't, because Mrs. Druitt had only been at the phone a minute, and then she'd come in and sat down at the card table. No, she hadn't left it again until eleven-thirty when she went home.

Grogan listened, blankly at first; then he pushed his hat further askew and settled down with the receiver closer to his ear. But not as though he were listening. He looked more as though he were following an entirely new train of thought.

To be concluded

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 27, 1950

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If you take laxatives regularly—
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have proved you may break the laxative
habit—and establish your
natural powers of regularity. 85%
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Stop taking whatever you now take.
Instead—Every night for one week
take 3 Carter's Little Liver Pills, 2nd
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Every day—drink eight glasses of
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Carter's Little Liver Pills "unblock"
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contain no habit-forming drugs; get
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chemist or store.

Shoot the Moon

THAT was a Thursday, and when
Philip Dunning came back to
work on Monday Terry Pettiboy was
no longer in his office. There was
only the faint odor of her perfume.

In her place was a Miss Gertrude
Adams, who had a face which, while
it might not stop a clock, would at
least slow it down. Miss Adams was
engaged in removing Terry's half-
used lipstick, amber-hued bobby
pins, emptied vials of vivid nail
polish, and spilled pink powder
from the secretarial desk.

"Your former secretary," Miss
Adams complained, "was a very un-
tidy person!"

"I suppose she was," Dunning
agreed.

"And her notebooks! Like San-
skrit backwards!"

"Is that so?"

"She was most insecure. Most!
Do you know what I found in the
bottom drawer? A document
classified Confidential! Perhaps not
of great importance, but it should
have been in the safe. You will
find that I am a most secure per-
son."

"I have no doubt."

Miss Adams handed him an en-
velope. "And she left this note for
you."

When Dunning opened it he found
himself wishing Miss Adams was not
there, because no doubt the note was
personal, and probably abusive, and
he knew he should never show any
emotion before Miss Adams.

"Dear Sats," it read. "Of course
I'm delighted about being CAF-5,
but I'm sorry to leave you, particu-
larly when you're angry with me.
I've been transferred to Jet Propul-
sion. My extension is 87049. Do
call me. Perhaps you'd like to take
me out to dinner, and maybe a
show, to talk about old times. Terry."

After that, Philip Dunning really
went to work. Everyone agreed that
he would one day be the country's
outstanding expert on the theoretical
aero-dynamics of rockets. He came to
work at eight in the morning, and
he worked until six in the evening,
and often he returned at night, and
even on Saturdays and Sundays, to
explore a private project he couldn't
seem to put out of his mind.

Occasionally he heard astonishing
tales about Terry Pettiboy. One day
he was lunching with Peter Collins,
who had been a classmate of his,
and who was now in Jet Propulsion.
"Do you have a girl in your section,"
he asked as casually as possible, "by
the name of Terry Pettiboy, or
Pettiboy, or something?"

"You mean Terry Pettiboy," Col-

Continued from page 9

lins said. "What a dream! She was
with us, but we had to get rid of
her. Alas, and alack."

"Why? What'd she do?"

"She didn't do anything. It was
what other people did. Two of our
men—Major Simpson and Captain
Rawls—took off their coats and went
out into corridor 9 and fought over
her with their fists."

"That wasn't her fault," Dunning
found himself saying. "You shouldn't
have fired her for that."

"Oh, we didn't fire her. She's the
niece of Congressman Ratton.
Didn't you know?"

"No, I didn't."

"He's on the Military Affairs Com-
mittee. We promoted her."

"Oh. Where is she now?"

"She's a CAF-6, and secretary to
Bonesteel, up in Uranium Control.
Say, you seem awfully interested.
Got a yen for her, or something?"

Shortly afterwards Dunning be-
came a P-6, and rented a modern-
istic apartment.

He also began to move in a slightly
higher level among government em-
ployees—not top level by any means
—but just below sub-Cabinet rank.
It was at a cocktail party that he
met Abner Bonesteel, the Assistant
Chief of Uranium Control. He was
compelled to ask about Terry.

"I would rather not discuss the
matter," Bonesteel said formally. But
after three more drinks Bonesteel
sought him out, clutched him by the
arm, and remarked thickly, "I'll tell
you about Terry Pettiboy, Dunning
old boy. She's a lovely girl, thash
what. She's lovely but she's stupid."
"She is not stupid!"

"She is too," Bonesteel insisted.
"I asked her to marry me. She
wouldn't. Thash stupid, isn't it?"

Dunning restrained himself. In
the upper levels one didn't hit an
Assistant Chief. "And what did you
do with her?"

"I couldn't stand the sight of her.
I had to get rid of her. Of course
she's got the highest possible effi-
ciency rating from me, so all I could
do was raise her to CAF-8; then I
showed her to Kupperman."

"The board member?"

"Yes. Oh, sure, he took her. She's
his secretary now."

Dunning met Kupperman when
for the first time he was invited to
the ten-o'clock planning conference,
which meets right after the nine-
thirty policy conference.

Please turn to page 45



"This is mother's version of the plunging neckline."



new shades...
new finer
texture...
the magic of
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shade control

Beautifully Yours

Because of exclusive "Top-
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Three Flowers Face Powder is unaffected
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One quick make-up gives you hours of satin-smooth
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Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids contain no drugs. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a natural prescription, a great blood medicine containing Thionine. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids help to drive out the crippling poisons and germs from your system that so often cause constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day and give yourself a course of this famous treatment.

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"Last year I had kidney trouble and cystitis very badly... I couldn't go anywhere, as I couldn't sit in a car or walk about; it was just misery. One of his friends told my husband about Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, and he bought some. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids cleared the trouble away. I took them for two months and gradually they cleared the trouble away. I am one person who is very grateful for Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids. I still take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, because they keep me free from acidity and constipation."

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Your spine is another area often attacked by uric acid, causing painful pressure on nerves.



Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints.

In such cases as these, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment.



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An Australian Women's Weekly Publication.
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Shoot the Moon

Continued from page 43

THERE was a pleasant discussion about anti-radar paint, and then Dunning asked the question he had been phrasing for some time. "I think I know your secretary, Mr. Kupperman. Young lady named Terry Pettibly. How's she doing?"

"She was my secretary," Kupperman said. "I must say she was charming. But only last week I thought I was dictating a top-secret memorandum to the Joint Chiefs of Staff. I asked her to repeat a sentence, and discovered there was nothing in her notebook except doodles. All she had in her notebook were sketches of thin men with toothpick legs and long chins. Funny thing, Dr. Dunning, all of the sketches looked something like you. In caricature, of course."

"Ha-ha," Dunning laughed, but as if nothing were funny.

"I should have requested her resignation," Kupperman said, "but when I examined her record I discovered she had an extraordinary efficiency rating. And her Form 57 shows that she's the niece of Congressman Ratton. Now I'm not licking the boots of Capitol Hill, or anything, but I don't see any sense in causing a fuss."

"So I told her she was probably overworked, and to take her annual leave. She'll be back in a month, and by that time I'll have another secretary."

"And what will happen to Miss Pettibly?"

"Oh, I've fixed it so she'll be a CAF-9," Kupperman winked. "We don't have room for a CAF-9 on our T.O. Pretty smart, huh?"

"Oh, yes," Dunning agreed. "Smart—and original, too."

It was when the cherry blossoms were in bloom that Terry Pettibly returned to Rocket and Guided Missiles. She had gone forth as a CAF-4, and she came back as a CAF-9, and Administrative Assistant to Dr. Rauchenbush.

She was the busiest Administrative Assistant the Section had ever had. She changed all the desks round, and placed flowers in all the offices each morning, and put a cretonne cover over Dr. Rauchenbush's leather chair.

She moved Philip Dunning into a larger room, insisted that the furnishings be blond mahogany, and got into a fight with Procurement when they indignantly refused to buy it. She thought some of the other girls were dowdy, and told them to spruce up, and they dissolved in tears on Dr. Rauchenbush's shoulders.

Dr. Rauchenbush's cheeks began to hollow, and he developed a tic in his right eye.

One day Dr. Rauchenbush walked into Dunning's office and found his Administrative Assistant locked in Dunning's arms.

"This isn't what you think!" Dunning cried joyously. "I've just found the answer to my problem, and Terry's congratulating me."

"Dr. Dunning," Rauchenbush ordered, "you will come to my office!"

"Yes, sir," Dunning said. "I've got to tell you all about this." Terry congratulated him again, and after a few minutes he went to see the Chief of the Section. In his hands he carried a folder of typewritten pages.

"Dr. Dunning," Rauchenbush began. "Do you remember me telling you no sex in the office?"

"But this isn't sex, sir," Dunning protested. "It was like this. For six months now I've been working on this thing, and suddenly it came to me and I filled in the equation. It so happened that Miss Pettibly was in my office."

"She usually is," Rauchenbush observed.

"It so happens that she was in my office and in my exuberance I may have kissed her, and she kissed me back. Sex had nothing to do with it."

Rauchenbush's right eyelid began to twitch violently. "That girl has demoralised the whole section, and I intend to get rid of her."

"Oh, no, now, Dr. Rauchenbush!"

"I am going to fire her! I am going to fire her, and maybe you too!"

"Now, Dr. Rauchenbush, remember what you told me. The Civil Service would investigate, because she has such a wonderful record. And besides, her uncle is a Congressman, and on the Military Affairs Committee to boot."

"Yes, I know," Rauchenbush growled. "I thought of that first. But she must go. She can't stay. And I can't possibly promote her again, because if I did I'm afraid she'd turn up as my boss. It's either her or me, Phil, her or me."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Dr. Rauchenbush, but what I wanted to tell you about was—"

A sly grin came into Rauchenbush's eyes. "Phil," he suggested, "don't you think you ought to marry the girl?"

"Marry her? Why, I never considered it, sir."

"You do love her, don't you, Phil?" Rauchenbush said.

"I don't know, I suppose so. A few minutes ago I thought I loved her, but now when I look at it with the proper logic and analysis, I'm afraid marriage isn't possible."

"Why not?"

"Well, her salary is almost as large as mine, and now she buys model dresses and I don't think I could afford a girl like that unless she were working too. And as you know, Dr. Rauchenbush, the government won't allow a husband and wife to work for the same department, except with extraordinary permission."

"Yes, I know," Rauchenbush said. "If you married her, one of you would have to go, and I need you, Phil." He considered the situation with scientific detachment. "But if you were a P-7 you could afford to marry her, couldn't you, Phil, even if she weren't working?"

"Oh, sure, Dr. Rauchenbush!"

"Well, starting to-morrow—with the board's approval—you're a P-7. I'm pretty sure the board will approve as soon as you're married."

Dunning drew a long breath, and left the office. Dr. Rauchenbush saw that he had forgotten his folder. He glanced at the overleaf. It was labelled Top Secret. There was a heading, "USE OF LIQUID-OXYGEN - POWERED ROCKET, RADIO CONTROLLED, CAPABLE OF PENETRATING GRAVITY CENTRES AND SHOOTING THE MOON."

Dr. Rauchenbush read it all carefully, including the final fuel equation, and once again he began to love his job. "Where's Dunning? Get Dunning," he called to his secretary.

"He's out, sir," she said, "with Miss Pettibly."

"Yes, he would be," Rauchenbush murmured. He wondered what would happen if his section could concentrate on rockets for the dead and unfeeling moon, instead of a live and frightened earth.

"When he comes back," he called to his secretary, "tell him I've put his paper in the top-secret safe, and he should forget it for ten years."

He leaned back on the cretonne-covered chair and sighed. His eyelid stopped jumping.

Maybe it wouldn't take ten years, he reflected. Maybe only five. Maybe only three.

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"PAIN"



DIRECTOR LEWIS ALLEN instructs Alan Ladd and interesting newcomer Jan Sterling in a scene for "Appointment With Danger," a story of crime and detection in the mails.

TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★ ★ Malaya

RUBBER smuggling operations, under the nose of the enemy, in Malaya are satisfactory when performed by a covey of M.G.M. favorites including Spencer Tracy, James Stewart, Sydney Greenstreet, and, more remotely, Lionel Barrymore and John Hodiak, even though some people may feel the back-slapping is overdone.

Men engaged are a tough lot. Tracy, released from Alcatraz Prison to take part in the adventure, is tough and relaxed. Stewart, a roving newspaper correspondent, is tough and laconic, while Sydney Greenstreet gives many subtle variations of the same quality, as the operator of a local saloon.

Valentina Cortese, whom we have seen only once before in "Thieves Highway," on this occasion plays a Hollywood jungle torch-singer, who has Mr. Tracy tethered to her sampan. She hasn't much to do here, either, but to display the fluid grace that seems to be the peculiar bird-right of some Italian women.

Among those in supporting roles Gilbert Roland is interesting.

In Sydney—the St. James.

★ She Wore a Yellow Ribbon

JOANNE DRU is the "She" of John Ford's outdoor saga and she wears a yellow ribbon in her hair, to match the technicolor stripe on the breeches of her lover, in the U.S. Cavalry.

For a while it is nip-and-tuck whether the ribbon is for Lieutenant John Agar or Lieutenant Harry Carey, jun., who both appear dull by comparison with Ben Johnson as Eyre, an advance scout of the unit, who rides like the wind and speaks in a rich, southern drawl.

The great Indian uprising of 1876 and the part played by permanent U.S. cavalrymen in getting the Holy War under control is the central theme of the film, which presents John Wayne as hard-bitten old Captain Brittles, leader of an isolated cavalry unit, ingeniously surmounting the redskin threat in the last few hours of his command.

After the initial shock of seeing he-man Wayne as an oldster, proceedings settle down to routine intrigues, loyalties, sentiment, humor, and vigorous assaults upon the whites by befuddled hordes of redmen.

Dramatic trimming is needed throughout in order to retain audience attention. Only the magnificent scenery, filmed in famous Monument Valley (the photography won an Oscar), makes the long desert treks bearable.

In Sydney—the Plaza.

★ Paid In Full

MOTHER love is the main-spring of this none-too-convincing Paramount melodrama, which has moments of embarrassing frankness, and is supposedly based on fact.

It's a family triangle in which two sisters—Nancy (Diana Lynn) and Jane (Elizabeth Scott)—are both married to understandably confused Bill Prentice (Robert Cummings), at different turns in the plot.

Nancy's child is accidentally killed by Jane, who eventually sacrifices her life to have a baby of her own to bequeath to Bill and Nancy, now apparently reconciled.

It's all very clinical and calculated to keep the tears flowing, excepting in the welcome breaks when the audience comes up for air to enjoy Eve Arden's smart quips.

In Sydney—the Prince Edward.

★ Interference

"INTERFERENCE" is a mediocre sporting fixture full of professional football heroics.

This time husky Victor Mature and Sunny Tufts are the pickin'-pumping friends who filch the "King Football" crown in turn.

Mature develops a weak heart before he discovers that his wife (Elizabeth Scott) is a most unpleasant type of gold-digger. He tries to maintain sporting status, without jeopardising his health, alienating his ambitious wife, or encouraging Lucille Ball, the team's secretary, who loves him.

He fails, and has to do it the hard way. Perhaps if he had slapped Elizabeth down a lot earlier in the piece it would have simplified matters, but a more believable ending would have been for Mature to have walked out on her after the slapping.

In Sydney—the Mayfair.

★ Mrs. Mike

SINCERITY, warmth, and the interesting backgrounds provided by Canadian backwoods make "Mrs. Mike" (United Artists) pleasant entertainment in a modest way.

The story is built around true-to-life experiences of a Boston girl who married a Canadian Mountie early in the 1900's, and went off to make her home with him in the frozen north and face its perils, hardships, and sorrows.

Evelyn Keyes and Dick Powell bring humor and understanding to their assignments in a fashion that adds the right touch to a film that is largely about human travail.

In Sydney—the Esquire.

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FUNNYMAN



JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

Comedian LARRY DAVIS, alias crime fighter FUNNYMAN, gives young "PEANUTS" DOLAN his start as a child model. Peanuts decides to pay for an operation on his father's eyes, so that Mr. Dolan can see again. But when Larry and JUNE FARRELL visit Peanuts they are turned out by Peanuts, who says the operation is a waste of money. Larry decides to steer clear of him.

As I Read
the
STARS

by WYNNE TURNER.

ARIES (March 21 to April 20): A rather active week for study, intellectual interests, short trips, correspondence, and relatives' affairs. However, be on your guard against disagreements over the week-end, and use care with speech and pen, or you may say or write something for which you will be sorry.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Don't let your interest in monetary affairs make you too optimistic this week. Guard against financial risks on May 27 and 28. You may find some others not too honest, either in their opinions or actions.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): You may wish to exert your personality more freely than hitherto, and yet it will pay you to wait just a while longer. Keep a wary eye on the actions of others until after the week-end.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): You may find matters delaying and frustrating this week, so take things quietly. Don't be impatient, especially from May 25 to 28. There is progress ahead of you, and it is worth waiting for.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): Friends and associates can prove both expensive and trying this week. Be more than usually tactful over the week-end, especially in your social engagements. A wrong word might have dire results.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Position, career, and ambitions could meet difficult days this week, especially from May 25 to 28. Leave important plans until May 29, when you will be able to make decisions more clearly.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Conservative action should be the keynote of this week. Any contemplated change, travel, writings, or legal activity will need thought and consideration, especially from Friday to Sunday. Delay decisions on all matters if you can.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Your affairs may call for some financial adjustments this week. Be careful that you do not become involved in disputes over debts, and on no account lend money over the week-end. Impulse spells loss.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): This is not your most favorable week for love, marriage, partnerships, or domestic affairs. Be careful of quarrels, mishaps, and misunderstandings. Delay activity until May 29, and so avoid the pitfalls now in your way.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Don't overdo things this week. Keep wide awake for business interests are apt to collapse or prove disappointing. Your health and nervous system are subject also to extra strain.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): There are no spectacular days for you this week, and you should be careful to curb impulse in all speculation and romance. May 29 is your safest day.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): On May 25, 27, and 28, avoid all issues involving change, especially in home, and domestic affairs. You are bound to be the one to lose. Choose May 29 for best results.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 27, 1950

If you enjoy good reading, you will enjoy every page of this month's ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE.

Page 47

★ The Demonstrator
SAID 'Yes, that shade
would suit your
complexion'



★ But she **MEANT**
'No face powder would
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Gene Tierney fashion pioneer of filmdom

By cable from
LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

The current gag among Hollywood's well-dressed women when trying to figure out the "line" to follow in selecting a new wardrobe is to ask: "What's Gene Tierney wearing this season?"

Both in New York and in Hollywood social circles 29-year-old Gene Tierney is the popular choice for the best-dressed woman of the films.

SHORTLY before the green-eyed actress sailed for London to make a new picture she was chosen the "best-dressed woman in Hollywood" by five style experts, and few film folk were surprised at the selection.

"Of course," one hears, "Miss Tierney has an advantage. She is a socialite, you know." This makes it not surprising that the judges, headed by Lady Elsie Mendel, were familiar with the Tierney reputation for dress, and rated her for her personal wardrobe and not for what she wears on the screen.

This is the second time the star has received such an award. Nearly five years ago she was named one of the ten best-dressed women in the United States by the New York Fashion Academy, an organisation composed of fashion-writers, designers, and manufacturers.

But Tierney does not claim sole credit for these tributes to her taste in clothes. She thanks her husband, Count Oleg Cassini, who has done such a good job of clothing his wife that he has branched out into designing other women's dresses. His New York Fifth Avenue salon, the Cassini-Nova, is rated one of the nation's most fashionable.

Even while Gene Tierney was considering the possibility of a divorce from Cassini three years ago, she wore the clothes that he continued to design for her.

During the separation period her estranged husband designed and made the wardrobe she wore in "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir" and "The Iron Curtain".

To-day Gene, long since reconciled with Cassini, likes to tell her friends: "I never have to hope my husband likes what I wear. He had better!" Nor can Cassini complain about his wife's hats—he designs them, too.

Social background

HOWEVER, the Brooklyn-born countess deplors the title of best-dressed star, principally because it focuses attention on her position as an established socialite.

That was her position 10 years ago when she first arrived in Hollywood. Envious fellow-actresses snubbed Tierney, and were in turn snubbed. Thus it came as no surprise when more than a year ago she suddenly announced that she would "spend all possible time in New York and Washington, D.C., where my friends are."

Tierney found Hollywood too provincial for her tastes. She had come to look upon the film city as a small village at the end of the world.

Gene Tierney has always been a prominent social figure. Indeed, one still hears how she grew up, with school-age parties on the spacious



A NEW PORTRAIT of elegant, green-eyed film star Gene Tierney, who was recently chosen as "best-dressed woman in Hollywood" by a panel of five fashion experts.

lawns of Long Island mansions, and how, as the daughter of a well-to-do New York insurance broker, she had entree to social clubs.

In her early teens Gene attended school at Brillmont, in Lausanne, Switzerland. She travelled extensively in Europe, using a liberal allowance from her father to cater to her fondness for the best English and French tweeds, woollens, and silks.

Fashionable figure

WHEN the young Tierney returned home she was made a sub-debutante, was given the advantage of tutors in etiquette and dress, and was seen at smart cocktail parties at the Waldorf-Astoria and Savoy hotels, in box seats at the Metropolitan Opera, and in the company of eminent members of society.

Even to-day Tierney is both welcome and at home in palatial social surroundings where rarely, if at all, film figures are seen.

Her husband, too, is a socialite of some distinction. He is a member of an old but impoverished Russian family, leaders in the social whirl in Washington, D.C. Indeed, famed party-giver Elsa Maxwell would never think of leaving the names of the Count and Countess Cassini off an invitation list.

But both Tierney and Hollywood have changed and matured in the months that followed her announced abdication more than a year and a half ago. Her commitments with her movie studio required her to make concessions, and to live occasionally in a small but lavishly appointed Beverly Hills home.

Hollywood has noticed that Tierney is more and more often seen at fashionable affairs given by movie moguls, who are society figures in their own right.

It is likely that to-day Tierney loves Hollywood as much because of its shortcomings as because it has realigned itself in her eyes.

As much of a socialite as ever, Hollywood or no, Tierney has be-

come known as a sort of fashion pioneer.

Other Hollywoodians still talk of the night she startled the crowd at Ciro's by wearing a strapless blue-grey evening gown set off by a floor-length orange scarf draped over her left shoulder. Orange, indeed! It just wasn't being worn. At least, not then.

But this season scarves in various shades of orange, as well as orange dresses, are popular in Hollywood, thanks to Gene Tierney.

So if you come to Hollywood, and are in doubt about what to wear, don't be afraid to ask what Gene Tierney has in her wardrobe this year. You won't be alone.



HERE Gene Tierney models a formal gown in ruffled pale blue chiffon, designed by her husband, Oleg Cassini.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 27, 1950

**Three lovely
stars of
dramatic films**



● *Vivacious red-haired SUSAN HAYWARD (above) is seen in an emotional portrayal in R.K.O.'s "My Foolish Heart," in which she co-stars with Dana Andrews and a team of acting talent recruited from Broadway. The film is just released for Australia.*



● *Talented and sensitive actress JOAN FONTAINE (above) plays a sophisticate in the R.K.O. drama "Bed of Roses," in which she co-stars with Robert Ryan, Zachary Scott.*



● *A new portrait of brunette JOAN BENNETT (right), who stars with James Mason and plays the mother of a seventeen-year-old daughter in Columbia's thriller, "The Reckless Moment," Geraldine Brooks has the role of her headstrong daughter.*



... When the best is hardly good enough

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1 INQUIRY about fire-engine for her home town put to Fire Chief Duggan (Frank Morgan) results in Mayor Clarissa Standish (Loretta Young) being invited to meet Mayor Steve Fisk.



2 WATCHING hotel television programme, Clarissa is inspired by conscientious speech made by Steve Fisk (Clark Gable), dynamic man of the people, now Puget City Mayor.

Key to the City . . .



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER teams Clark Gable and Loretta Young in this rollicking, happy-go-lucky comedy about two mayors, one a former longshoreman, the other a girl graduate of Harvard University, who meet at a San Francisco convention and leave that city practically hanging on the Golden Gate Bridge after a whirlwind romance.

Directed by George Sidney and produced by Z. Wayne Griffen, "Key to the City" is M.G.M.'s answer to requests for motion pictures made for entertainment purposes only.

Loretta Young makes her first appearance in a film for this studio in many years. This is the second time she has co-starred with Clark Gable.

Marilyn Maxwell, who scored a hit in "Champion," and Pamela Britton, returning to the screen after three years in the stage hit "Brigadoon," have lesser comedy roles.



3 FRANTIC explanations by Duggan that Clarissa is not expected atom dancer but here to talk business dampens Steve's party spirit.

4 PARTY in cafe causes Clarissa to drop business talk. Steve courts Sheila (Marilyn Maxwell), the atom dancer.



5 GAOLED following all-in brawl during which Sheila leaves in Steve's coat, Mayors Standish and Fisk are held by Sgt. Hogan (James Gleason), but released when identities are proved.



6 REARRESTED on way to party on complaint by passer-by, they are dismissed wearily by Sgt. Hogan. Worried about repercussions, ice is broken and pair discover mutual attraction.



7 PLOT to ruin Steve in his home town is revealed when Les Taggart (Raymond Burr) produces evidence given him by jealous Sheila. Indignant Clarissa stands by Steve in spite of annoyance over his apparently casual behaviour.



8 ARGUMENT is settled by Steve taking evidence and tossing Taggart into fishpond. In the belief one mayor per family is enough, Clarissa resigns post.

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**NEWSREEL
FLASHES**



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NPS48

Scenes from "On the Town"

**Ann Miller makes hit in
gay star-studded revue**

"On the Town" is a new and sophisticated motion-picture musical done in the style of a smart Broadway revue, an almost total absence of story emphasising the song-and-dance specialties throughout.

As well as sharing direction chores, Gene Kelly takes the lead with Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, and Ann Miller. Comedian Jules Munshin and dancer Vera-Ellen complete the romance-minded sextet.

ANN MILLER is a dark-haired beauty, slim, and with nimble feet. Her studio will tell you that she is one of its promising stars.

Gene Kelly says, "She's marvellous. She's the fastest dancer I've ever seen." And Fred Astaire heaps more praise, by saying, "She is the most sensational young dancer I have seen in years."

But it was only recently, after filmgoers saw "On the Town," that anyone gave her more than passing attention.

In the film Ann displays her dancing ability while enacting the role of a student of anthropology who is a social belle by night.

No one can be sure why her success took so long to arrive. The dancer herself credits it to a series of mediocre roles and to the fact that Hollywood is always full of dances and dancers.

Now theatre managers credit Ann with much of the new picture's success. At the vast Radio City Music Hall Theatre in New York, the film took in 172,000 dollars in its first two weeks, a new record.

Her fan mail has zoomed to 1500 letters a week, and speaks of her "amazing ability and versatility."

Apparently she can dance any-

thing and everything from ballet to tap. A national American magazine recently checked and came up with the fact that Ann can tap dance at the rate of 525 beats a minute.

Actually this is an understatement, for her best approaches 725 beats a minute. She has also established herself as a talented vocalist.

Many of her fans, schooled in the tradition of motion-picture glamor, write to say they have found all they want in Ann Miller.

To be sure, she is possessed of what some may call a Latin beauty, and a pair of finely sculptured legs, all of which would inspire male admiration.

To say that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executives are surprised at her success would be an understatement. They are amazed.

None of Ann Miller's past films were big productions, at least until she got to MGM.

"Some of them were 'A' pictures," Ann says, "but they were awfully wobbly ones." They started when she lied about her age. At 14 she told studio directors she was 18,



TAP - DANCER
Ann Miller goes into a fast turn in one of her dance sequences in "On the Town."

and in 1936 she was given a part in the RKO production, "New Faces of 1937." Then came two roles in "Stage Door" and "Life of the Party," in which she did very little dancing. Her first starring role came in 1938, in an insignificant production, "Radio City Revels," which co-starred Jack Oakie and bawdypaying Bob Burns.

"About this time I got discouraged," the new star says now. She asked for a release from her RKO contract, got it, and ventured on to the New York stage. Here she was given a starring role, dancing in "George White's Scandals." When she returned to Hollywood, her reputation had spread. She was signed to a contract by Columbia, which still didn't know what it had. Here again she was given supporting roles in some films, starring roles in others. Always she did at least one dance in such small budget productions as "Go West, Young Lady," "True to the Army," and "What's Buzzin', Cousin?"

Finally she complained to her bosses, "I can sing and act, too; you know."



SINATRA AND GARRETT, Munshin and Miller, Kelly and Vera-Ellen get into the mood for romance and fun when they all meet on the top of a New York skyscraper to look the city over.



THE THREE SAILORS, led by Ann Miller and accompanied by comedienne Betty Garrett, playing a lady taxi-driver with a yen for Frank Sinatra, in a scene from the "Prehistoric Man" routine.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 27, 1950



FLOWERS from the garden of her Beverly Hills home keep Ann Miller busy here filling vases. One of the most popular girls in Hollywood, Ann says her career will always be of first importance.



ANN MILLER compares Jules Munshin's measurements with those of a prehistoric man in a funny song-and-dance routine built round a number called "Prehistoric Man."

Ann would soon be another Shirley Temple.

After a futile year of trying to penetrate imposing studio gates, the youngster was given a job at the Orpheum Theatre, in Los Angeles. Here she was a lesser stage attraction billed as "a tap dancer with a new style."

This was an opportune job, she says now, for she and her mother had lived on beans for weeks. Resources exhausted, they were ready to go home. But on the vaudeville stage she made good, and was signed by an agent to dance, and even sing, in San Francisco's popular night spot, "Bal Tabarin."

The chain of events continued.

In San Francisco she was observed by RKO talent scout Benny Rubin, who persuaded his studio to give her a screen test. RKO did, and she was signed on that day in 1936, when she lied about her age.

"I shudder when I think how much I didn't know," she chuckles now. But she did know enough to study the work of every dancing director in town, and to keep on practising her art.

To-day the vivacious girl says she earns her long-term contract at MGM the hard way. She continues to practise between pictures at least four hours a day. And when Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly are rehearsing at the studio, she often will be found watching them, as she does the dancing entertainers who appear at Hollywood nightclubs.

"As a girl I watched every dancer who came to the one vaudeville house we had in town," she says. "It's a habit I still have. I try to get new ideas for dance routines, new movements, and steps."

In spite of this, Ann Miller's friends will tell you that she is one of Hollywood's most popular bachelor girls.

Her romances are much quoted, but while she makes up her mind about marrying again Ann lives with her mother, and tries to show her gratitude for the sacrifices mother made for her.

Last Christmas Mrs. Miller received a new mink coat from Santa Claus, and a diamond bracelet to keep it company.

To-day Ann Miller has several ideas about her future. Chief among them is a hope that when MGM assigns her to another part it will be a dramatic role, "just to show them I can really act."

But the star still wants to make dancing her mainstay. She says: "It's what I like, and it is my bread and butter."

Columbia had a big star at the time. Her name was Rita Hayworth. The studio gave Ann a test for a lead part in a new film called "To-night and Every Night." Everyone who saw it raved, and, according to Ann Miller, among those who raved was Rita Hayworth, who considered the part so good she wanted it for herself.

Ann says that Harry Cohn, head of Columbia, felt that she was expendable—and in spite of a half-way promise of the role, it went to Hayworth.

Ann Miller was assigned to another "wobbly A" called "Thrill of Brazil," which co-starred Evelyn Keyes and Keenan Wynn.

At this point Ann got more publicity in a few months than she had achieved in all of her career. In the midst of filming the picture she announced she was giving up acting to marry Reese Llewellyn Milner, 31-year-old scion of a wealthy ironworks family.

At this time she had every intention of giving up motion pictures, but the marriage didn't last, and something like a year later Ann was definitely interested in getting back to work after a divorce.

The tests she had made for "To-night and Every Night" were shown to Louis B. Mayer, at MGM, and she was given a contract, and finally the role in "On The Town," which brought overnight acclaim.

Danced at three

ANN accepts her new success calmly. Indeed, she feels it is about time. She started dancing when she was three years old, when her parents paid for her lessons back in Houston, Texas. She took to it right away.

When she was 12 years of age her mother, Mrs. Clara Birdwell Miller, took her to Hollywood, hoping little



COMEDIENNE Alice Pearce (left), who plays Betty's ugly-duckling room-mate, joins in a musical nightclub interlude when ballet student Vera-Ellen leaves the group to dance at Coney Island. "On The Town" broke box-office records for first two weeks in New York.

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Six steps to beauty...

By CAROLYN EARLE
Our Beauty Expert

● Here is a solo dance that, performed smoothly, is fun for the youthful to do, with added grace as the beautifying by-product.

To begin, put a needle to a waltz record, line up the body, then swing into the dance, repeating steps six times alternate sides.



FIRST STEP: Rise on toes, back up, hips forward, raising right arm overhead.



SECOND STEP: With arms relaxed at sides, feet in walking position, rise on tip-toe, then slowly lower.



THIRD STEP: On straight right leg extend left leg back and up, using chair or rail for support.



FOURTH STEP: Extend left leg, knees slightly bent, left arm curved and right leg straight.



FIFTH STEP: With feet slightly apart, lunge to right, keeping left leg straight, right slightly bent.

SIXTH STEP: With weight on right hip and elbow, swing left leg back and forth.



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says ELIZABETH COOKE

Kraft Cookery and Nutrition expert.

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times richer in calcium than cream; has more protein than beef, lamb, mutton, pork or veal; and it's rich in vitamins and phosphorus too. Always fresh in its foil wrapper, Kraft Cheese has no wasteful rind. No wonder they say "Kraft Cheese is a Bargain in Nutrition".

FRANKFURTS IN BLANKETS

— a Bargain in Nutrition

Kraft Cheese is rich in high quality proteins, vitamins A, B₂ and D, plus the valuable milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus. Saves you money too — no rind, no waste.

8 pork frankfurts; 4 eggs; 4 oz. Kraft Cheese; 4 rashers bacon; pepper and salt; parsley.

Place frankfurts in boiling water until heated, remove from water, skin them and place in double boiler to keep hot. Beat the eggs, add pepper and salt, finely grated cheese and finely chopped parsley. Pour into a large, hot, greased pan and cook. When egg is firm, cut in eight strips, roll these round frankfurts and serve hot with grilled bacon. Serves 4. Use only Kraft Cheese for cooked cheese dishes. No other cheese can equal it for flavour and 'cookability'!

SPECIAL NOTE: For an added touch of piquant flavour, serve FRANKFURTS IN BLANKETS and all meat dishes with Kraft Prepared Mustard — it brings out the best in meat.



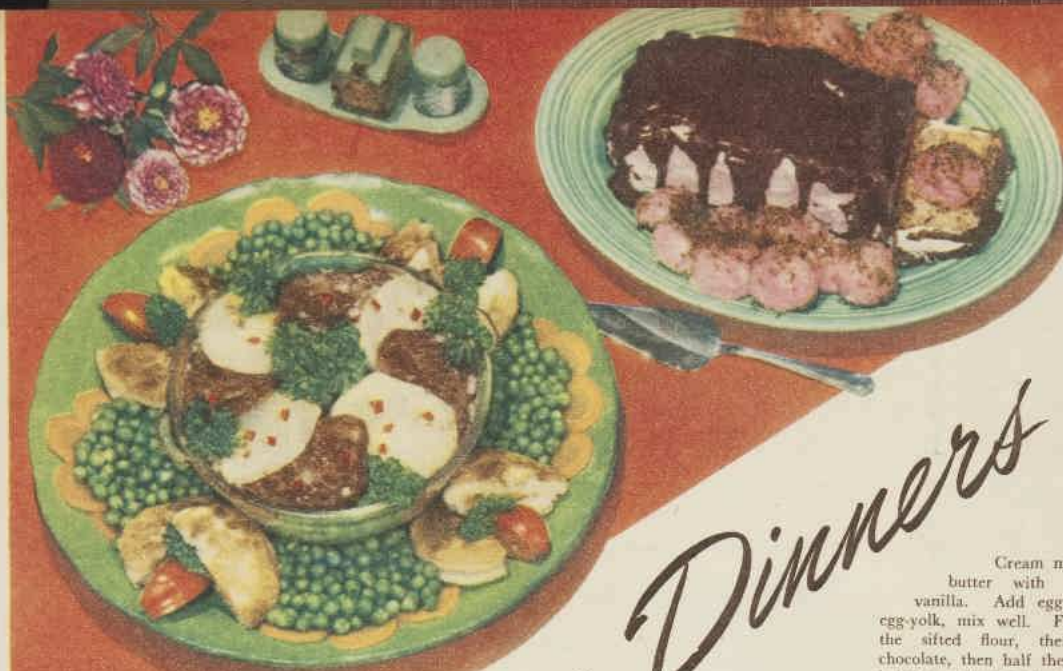
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Two-Course Dinners

By Our Food and
Cookery Experts

● This is the season when appetites are keen . . . substantial dishes are appreciated, and hearty meat courses, piping hot vegetables, and satisfying sweets are in order.

If desired soup may be served in any two-course meal in place of a sweet. It is a matter of taste, of course, but if soup does replace a sweet it is wise to serve biscuits and cheese or fresh fruit to wind up the meal.

MENU 1

Scalloped Meat and Potatoes
Carrot Slices, Green Peas
Vegetable Cakes
Chocolate Chip Pudding with
Ice-cream

SCALLOPED MEAT AND POTATOES

Thinly sliced cold cooked meat (or use tinned luncheon meat), sliced potatoes (cut $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick), 2 tablespoons finely diced parboiled red or green pepper, 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, salt, pepper, 2 eggs, 6 tablespoons milk (or use 1 egg and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk), 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, parsley to garnish.

Arrange meat and potatoes in alternate layers in greased ovenware dish ($1\frac{1}{2}$ pint capacity). Sprinkle

each layer with red or green pepper, onion, parsley, salt and pepper. Beat eggs well, mix with milk, and pour slowly and carefully into dish so that mixture trickles through and over each layer of meat and potatoes. Dot top with margarine or butter, cover with thickly greased paper. Bake in moderate oven (375deg F. gas, 425deg F. electric) 40 to 45 minutes, or until potatoes are tender. Remove paper for last 10 minutes to crisp and brown top layer of potatoes. Serve hot, garnished with parsley.

VEGETABLE CAKES

One cup self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, 4 tablespoons milk, finely diced cooked vegetables (carrot, turnip, parsnip,

onion, peas, etc.), salt, pepper.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening, add cheese. Mix to a medium dough with milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness. Cut into circles with floured cutter, $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 in. in size. Cover half the circles with prepared vegetables, dust with salt and pepper. Moisten edges with milk, cover with remaining circles. Press edges together gently. Fry in small quantity fuming hot fat in shallow pan, turning to brown. Cook approximately 10 minutes, reducing heat after cakes have been turned for the first time. Drain on kitchen paper, serve hot.

CHOCOLATE CHIP PUDDING

Two ounces margarine or butter, 2oz. sugar, few drops vanilla, 1 egg, and 1 extra egg-yolk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 4oz. self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup roughly chopped dark chocolate, 1 egg-white, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup extra sugar, 1 tablespoon water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon juice, melted chocolate, strawberry-flavored ice-cream, and a little grated chocolate.

THINLY SLICED cold cooked meat or tinned luncheon meat is used to make the satisfying main dish of the menu illustrated at left. Savory vegetable cakes, peas, carrots, and an unusual chocolate chip dessert complete the menu. The meat loaf illustrated below has a layer of diced vegetables cunningly concealed in the middle! This gives extra flavor and moisture to the loaf. Rhubarb and apple pandowdy is a simple, wholesome sweet to round off the meal.

MENU 2

Meat and Vegetable Loaf
Potato Puffs, French Beans
Rhubarb and Apple Pandowdy

MEAT AND VEGETABLE LOAF

Two pounds round or topside steak, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups soft, white bread-crumbs, 4 tablespoons finely diced onion, pinch herbs, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon mixed mustard, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups diced vegetables (carrot, celery, parsnip), browned crumbs, tomato slices.

Trim excess fat from steak and mince or dice very finely. Add breadcrumbs, nearly all the onion, herbs, sauces, mustard, salt and pepper. Bind with beaten egg and milk. Grease loaf-tin, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Coat with browned crumbs. Press half meat mixture into base of tin. Cook diced vegetables 10 minutes in boiling salted water, drain, add balance of onion. Spread over meat in tin, add balance of meat mixture. Top with browned crumbs. Cover tin with greased paper, bake in moderate oven (375deg F. gas, 425deg F. electric) 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Allow to stand in tin 10 minutes before turning on to serving-dish. Top with tomato slices before serving.

Continued on page 58



TRY THIS CHOCOLATE PARKIN!



Here's another recipe that will come in handy for that afternoon tea or supper party—prepared with Bournville Cocoa, the cocoa with the real chocolatey flavour. You will find that a little Bournville goes a long way—don't accept substitutes. For successful chocolate cooking always insist on Bournville Cocoa.

Easy and economical!

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. fine or medium oatmeal; 4 ozs. brown sugar; 1 teaspoon mixed spice; 3 ozs. butter or dripping; 8 tablespoons milk—a little extra may be needed; 1 level teaspoon soda bicarb; $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. plain flour; 4-5 ozs. golden syrup, treacle or honey; 1 teaspoon ground ginger; 2 ozs. Bournville Cocoa; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt.

METHOD

Sift flour, cocoa, spices, salt. Add oatmeal. Melt fat and treacle; stir into dry ingredients with enough milk to make a smooth mixture. Pour into loaf tin lined with a greased paper. Bake 45-50 minutes in moderate oven (360°F). Cool on wire tray. Serve very thin buttered slices. **NOTE:** With most of the milk left out to make a very stiff mixture, it may be rolled into small balls, cooked on a greased oven slide 10-15 minutes.

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The cocoa with the real chocolatey flavour.



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There are never any left-overs when you make cut-lunches with tasty, appetising **SANITARIUM** Peanut Butter*. Milled FRESH while the peanuts are hot from the ovens—before any of their delicious goodness can be lost—it has the kind of flavour that 'young' appetites can't resist... that grown-ups enjoy, too! Include Sanitarium Peanut Butter* in your next grocery order!

*Known as Peanut Paste in some States.



One of the Natural Foods!



HERE'S a different version of the popular marble cake. Mixed fruit is added to the plain portion, which is spread over base of tin; chocolate and pink mixtures are spooned on top. See prize-winning recipe.

This recipe wins £5...

Fruited marble cake

FRUIT and cherries folded into the uncoloured portion give a new flavor to marble cake, cooked in a ring-tin.

The addition of 1 tablespoonful of warmed milk facilitates the creaming of the shortening and sugar, particularly in cold weather. This method may be used for any butter cake.

A savory luncheon dish using cold cooked meat, chokoes, and cheese sauce, and a recipe for rich chocolate cookies win consolation prizes in this week's contest.

FRUITED MARBLE CAKE

Four ounces margarine or butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon warm milk, 2 eggs, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold milk, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, few drops cochineal, 2 tablespoons mixed fruit including 4 or 5 cherries.

Soften shortening slightly, add sugar and warmed milk; beat until soft and creamy. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, mixing well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Divide mixture into 3 parts. To one add mixed fruit, spread over base of greased ring-tin. To second portion add cocoa blended with a little extra milk. Color third portion pink with cochineal. Place alternate spoonfuls of pink and chocolate on top of fruit mixture in tin. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 55 to 60 minutes. Allow to stand in tin a few minutes before turning out to cooler. When cold top with chocolate icing.

Chocolate icing: Into a basin place 1 cup of icing-sugar sifted with 2 dessertspoons cocoa. Work in 1 dessertspoon softened butter, 1 dessertspoon sweet sherry and sufficient warm water to make a spreading consistency. Spread over top of cake, rough up with a fork.

First Prize of £5 to Miss Joan Elliott, Box 145, Post Office, Blackall, Qld.

SAVORY LUNCHEON CASSEROLE

Four or 5 young chokoes, 3 cups finely minced cold meat, 1 dessertspoon flour, salt and pepper to taste, pinch herbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2-3rd cup stock or water, 1 cup medium thickness white sauce, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 tablespoon soft breadcrumbs, extra 1 tablespoon grated cheese and 1 teaspoon margarine or butter.

Peel chokoes thinly under running water to prevent staining hands. Cut in halves, remove seeds. Cook in boiling salted water until tender. Stir meat, herbs, onion, parsley,

flour, salt, pepper, and stock or water over gentle heat until boiling. Simmer 3 or 4 minutes. Place 4 or 5 drained choko halves in bottom of greased casserole. Coat with sauce flavored with grated cheese. Add meat mixture, then balance of chokoes. Cover with balance of sauce, top with breadcrumbs mixed with extra cheese. Dot with margarine or butter. Re-heat and brown top in moderate oven. Serve piping hot garnished with parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Harrison, 62 Pine St., Cammeray, N.S.W.

CHOCOLATE AFGHANS

Six ounces margarine or butter, 3oz. brown sugar, 6oz. flour, 1oz. cocoa, pinch salt, few drops vanilla, 2oz. cornflakes.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar. Work in sifted flour, cocoa, and salt. Lastly add vanilla and cornflakes. Mixture is very stiff and takes considerable mixing. Place a teaspoonful at a time on greased tray; bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) approximately 15 minutes. Allow to cool on tray. When cold top with chocolate icing and decorate with split blanched almonds or walnut halves.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. F. G. Petterson, "Carinya," Alloway, via Bundaberg, Qld.

Two-Course Dinners

Continued from page 57

RHUBARB AND APPLE PANDOWDY

Half bunch rhubarb, 2 apples, 3 tablespoons water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange or lemon rind, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 2 extra tablespoons sugar, 4 or 5 tablespoons milk, extra softened margarine or butter, 1 teaspoon cinnamon mixed with 1 teaspoon sugar.

Wash rhubarb stalks, cut into 1 in. lengths. Place in pan with very thinly sliced apples, water, sugar, and grated orange or lemon rind. Simmer very gently 5 minutes. Turn into ovenware dish, reserving a little of the syrup. Sift flour and salt, rub in margarine or butter, add extra sugar. Mix to a dough with milk, turn on to floured board, knead lightly. Divide into 6 or 8 portions. Shape each one into a roll, and twist into a scroll. Pack on top of rhubarb and apple in dish. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 8 to 10 minutes. While still hot, smear tops of scrolls with softened margarine or butter and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Color reserved syrup with cochineal and pour over fruit. Serve hot.



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Celebration Dinner?

Tested plans... Helpful hints and recipes for a successful evening in "Cookery for Parties"

an Australian Women's Weekly publication.

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So easy to bake a beautiful cake!

WITH COPHA'S NEW MELT'N'MIX METHOD



COPHA'S MELT'N'MIX

Chocolate Cake

So very simple—a success every time

5 ozs. Copha 1 level teaspoon salt
½ cup milk 8 ozs. sugar
2 eggs 8 ozs. self-raising flour
1 teaspoon vanilla 2 heaped tablespoons cocoa

STEP 1: Grease two 6-inch square tins (or two 7-inch round tins.) Melt Copha in a saucepan over gentle heat—it should be barely warm, not hot. Combine with the milk, eggs, vanilla and salt, sugar, cocoa and half the self-raising flour.

STEP 2: Beat 5 mins. with rotary beater—or 8 mins. with wooden spoon. Add remaining flour and beat 1 minute longer. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F. gas, 400°F. electric) for 30-35 minutes.

Champagne frosting: Cream 3 level tablespoons Copha with ½ cup condensed milk, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind and 1 dessertspoon lemon juice. Add gradually 1½ to 2 cups sifted icing sugar and beat well. Add a few drops yellow colouring. If desired, save a little uncoloured frosting for decoration.

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*A really easy way
to make really good cakes*

No MORE fiddling with lots of basins—no more laborious "creaming" of sugar and shortening—no risk of failures. Nothing could be simpler, nothing surer, than Copha's newly-discovered MELT'N'MIX method. Try the mouth-watering lovely up above—learn how easy it is, see how tempting, taste how lush. And you can make all your favourite sorts of cakes this same easy way.

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And loads of other grand recipes, too. Copha is the all-white, all-purpose, pure vegetable shortening. Learn how to use it for melt-in-the-mouth pastry, easy-on-the-digestion puddings, scones that almost float . . . cookies crisper than you ever imagined . . . special dainties that need no cooking at all. 100 recipes—and every one a winner.

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"Some teeth are lost through decay...
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gum troubles."



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**IT PROTECTS
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CARES FOR GUMS, HELPS STOP DECAY... S.R. WORKS THE DOUBLE WAY

SR-49-11/12/42

Gala jacket for teenagers

TYROLEAN design featuring high neck, unusual yoke. Original was knitted in red, white, and green.

Materials: 6oz. of Patons "Beehive" fingering 3-ply (this is the only wool that should be used) wool in red; 1oz. each in green and white; 1 pair each of No. 10 and No. 14 knitting needles; a medium-sized crochet hook; 10 small buttons.

Measurements: Length, 18½ in.; to fit a 30 to 32 in. bust measurement; sleeve seam, 16 in.

Tension: 15 sts. to 2 in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; sts., stitches; st-st., stocking-stitch; rep., repeat; tog., together; sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass slipped stitch over; k 1 w.t., knit 1 but winding wool twice round right-hand needle; beg., beginning; r, red; g, green; w, white; d.c., double crochet; s.c., single crochet; dec., decrease or decreasing; inc., increase or increasing; in, inches.

BACK

With No. 10 needles and r wool cast on 102 sts. and k 2 rows. Change to st-st. and continue until work measures 3½ in. from beg. Change to No. 14 needles and work 1 in. in k 1, p 1 rib. Change back to No. 10 needles and st-st., but inc. 1 st. at both ends of the next row and every following 6th row until there are 118 sts. Continue without shaping until work measures 11 in. from beg.

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 94 sts. remain. Continue without shaping until work measures 13½ in. from beg., ending with a p row. Now shape yoke.

Next Row: K 38, turn. Continue on these 38 sts. thus:

Next Row: Cast off 2 sts., work to end.

Next Row: Work to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. Rep. these 2 rows until 17 sts. remain, then dec. 1 st. at yoke edge on every row until 6 sts. remain, after which dec. 1 st. at same edge on every alternate row until 2 sts. remain. K 2 tog. Fasten off. Slip the first 18 sts. on to a spare needle, then join wool to remaining sts. and work up this side to match first.

RIGHT FRONT

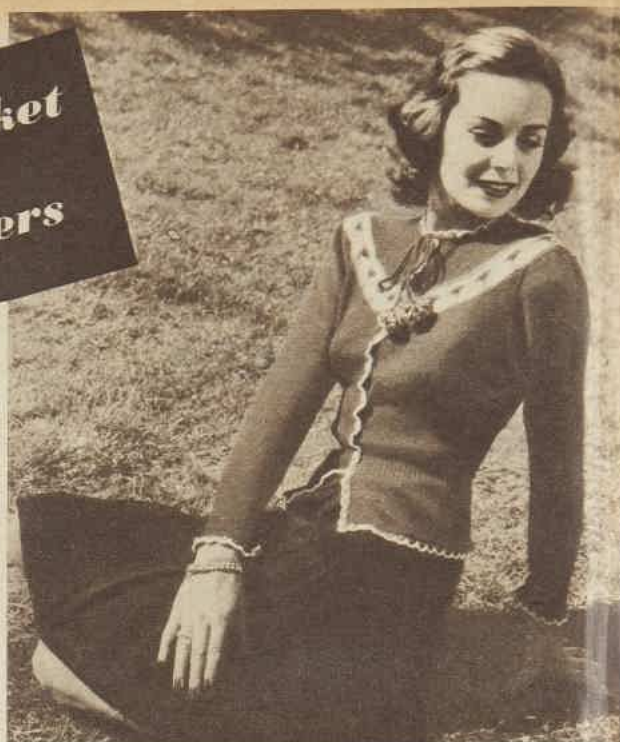
With No. 10 needles and r wool cast on 51 sts. and k 2 rows.

Next Row: K.

Next Row: P to last 2 sts., p 2 tog. Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 3½ in. from beg., then change to No. 14 needles and work 1 in. in k 1, p 1 rib, but keeping the 2 border sts. in garter-st., still keeping border sts. in garter-st., and inc. 1 st. at side edge on next row and every following 6th row until there are 59 sts. Continue without shaping until work measures 11 in. from beg., ending at side edge.

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at same edge on every row until 47 sts. remain. Continue without shaping until work measures 12½ in. from beg., ending at side edge. Now shape yoke.

Next Row: Work 38 sts., turn, leaving remaining sts. on a spare needle. Work on these 38 sts. as given for back yoke.



LEFT FRONT

Work as given for right front but with all shapings and garter-st. border at opposite edges.

SLEEVES

With No. 10 needles and r wool cast on 60 sts. and k 2 rows. Work 1 in. in st-st., ending with a p row.

Next Row: K 2, k 2 tog., * k 4, k 2 tog.; rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2. Change to No. 14 needles and work ½ in. in k 1, p 1 rib, ending with a wrong side row.

Next Row: K 2, k twice into next st., * k 4, k twice into next st.; rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2. Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st., but inc. 1 st. at both ends of next row and every following 8th row until there are 90 sts.

Continue until work measures 15½ in. from beg., then shape top by dec. 1 st. at both ends of every alternate row until 58 sts. remain, after which dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 38 sts. remain. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off.

YOKE

With right side of work facing you and using No. 10 needles and g wool k 9 sts. from spare needle of right front, pick up and k 44 sts. along shaped edge, cast on 15 sts., pick up and k 44 sts. along shaped edge of back, k the 18 sts. from spare needle, pick up and k 44 sts. along shaped edge of back, cast on 15 sts., pick up and k 44 sts. along shaped edge of left front, then k the 9 sts. from spare needle.

Next Row: K. Now work in patt. as follows:

1st Row: With w wool, * k 5, sl. 1, k 5; rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: With w wool, * p 5, sl. 1, p 5; rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: * K 4 w, join in g, k 1 w.t.g., k 1 g, k 1 w.t.g., k 4 w; rep. from * to end. Break off g wool.

4th Row: With w wool p, but slipping all g sts., and dropping extra loops off needle.

5th Row: * With w wool, k 3, k into front of next g st., and leave on needle, then working behind this stitch k the w st., and sl. both sts. off needle, sl. 1, k next w st., working behind g st., then k the g st., and sl. both sts. off needle, k 3; rep. from * to end.

6th Row: With w wool purl, but slipping all g sts.

7th Row: * K 5 w, join on r, and with r wool (k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1 into g st. and 2 w strands at back of g st. tog.), k 5 w; rep. from * to end.

THIS is the kind of jacket you can wear on the ice, in the snow country, to the movies, evenings at home. Knit it for yourself.

8th Row: * P 5 w, k 5 r.w.t., bring r forward, p 5 w; rep. from * to end. Break off r wool.

9th Row: * Using w wool, k 1, slip 4, now slip the 5 r sts. on a spare needle, dropping the extra loops, and leave at front of work, now slip the 4 w sts. back to left-hand needle, with w wool insert needle through 1 r and 1 w st. and k them tog., k 2 w, sl. 1 r, k 1 w, sl. 1 r, k 2 w, sl. 1 r, k 1 w, sl. 1 r, k 1 w, p.s.s.o., k 1 w; rep. from * to end of row.

10th Row: With w wool, * p 3, p 2 tog., p 3, p 2 tog., p 3; rep. from * to end.

11th Row: With g wool knit.

12th Row: As 11th row.

13th Row: As 12th row.

14th Row: With r wool p.

With r wool shape yoke as follows:

1st Row: K 9, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., * k 2 tog., k 18, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o.; rep. from * to last 11 sts., k 2 tog., k 9. Work 3 rows in st-st.

5th Row: K 8, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., * k 2 tog., k 16, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o.; rep. from * to last 10 sts., k 2 tog., k 8. Work 3 rows in st-st.

9th Row: K 7, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., * k 2 tog., k 14, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o.; rep. from * to last 9 sts., k 2 tog., k 7.

Continue to dec. in this way on every 4th row until 88 sts. remain. Continue without shaping until yoke measures 4 in. from beg., ending with a p row. K 3 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work lightly. Join side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Work an edging round cuff edges as follows:

1st Row: With r, work 1 round of d.c. evenly into edge of knitting.

2nd Row: With g, * 1 s.c. into first d.c., 3 ch., then 6 treble into same d.c., miss 4 d.c.; rep. from * to end.

3rd Round: With w, work 1 d.c. in each st. of last round. Fasten off.

Work same edges all round fronts, neck, and lower edge, but on first row make 12 loops (2 on waist ribbing) down right front to form buttonholes.

Crochet a chain using 4 strands of r tog. Make 2 pompons using all wools, then thread chain through shells at neck and sew a pompon to each end of the chain. Finally, sew on buttons.

Riot of color

EXCEPT for small lawns, every inch of ground surrounding the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Ham-mill, Croissey Avenue, Hunter's Hill, N.S.W., is producing flowers, fruit, and vegetables.

PICTURE at right shows the mass of flowers at the front of the house and (below) the attractive pillared terrace with doors opening into main reception-rooms.



Cosy bonnet

YOUR daughter will love this snug, head-hugging little bonnet with its pretty embroidery and a silk cord. To make pattern, copy the diagram in paper and then cut out exactly in felt or any heavy fabric. The two pieces are joined together with simple saddle-stitch; turn-back at front is pinked as shown.



Build up your soil

THE provident gardener who values his soil is sowing green manure crops—with the idea of making it richer and lighter.

Scarcity of organic manures and compost has compelled most gardeners to fall back upon this method of reviving exhausted soils or building up the humus content of light, over-friable, sandy soils.

Autumn is the time when green manure crops are sown, and there is scarcely an end to the leafy species that can be grown.

Lime the soil first of all and fork or spade it over to a full depth of the implement. Then let it settle for a few days, rake level, and firm lightly. Then make drills for the seed and sow. And what to sow is easy, for any crop that is expressly grown for the purpose makes green manure. Generally, legumes such as cow peas, vetches, field peas, various clovers and beans make the best manure because, besides contributing their own growth, they store in their roots nitrogen taken directly from the air. Most gardeners, however, balance these crops by sowing non-leguminous crops, such as rye, oats, wheat, mustard, rape in small quantities, with the legumes. This balances the nutrients supplied and provides a heavy bulk of green material to the soil.

Briefly the advantages of green manuring are that the material when green and succulent and either dug in or ploughed in improves the physical condition of the soil, feeds plants, makes it hold water better and longer, and in sandy soil has a binding effect upon the sandy particles.

In heavier soil the inclusion of regular amounts of green manure has a lightening tendency and assists aeration and drainage, therefore the benefits are doubled whichever way the gardener looks at the task.

The use of superphosphate with legumes is advised, but this can be scattered lightly over the soil instead of lime, if preferred. The super should not come into contact with the seed, as it has a burning tendency. When the plants are big and vigorous and are starting to flower, but definitely before they start to seed, the crop should be turned in.

This is easily the cheapest and one of the quickest methods of improving light, sandy soil, or putting a kick into tired heavier soil.

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